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September 27, 1962 25¢

Unemployment Retraining: Little, Late, and Limping

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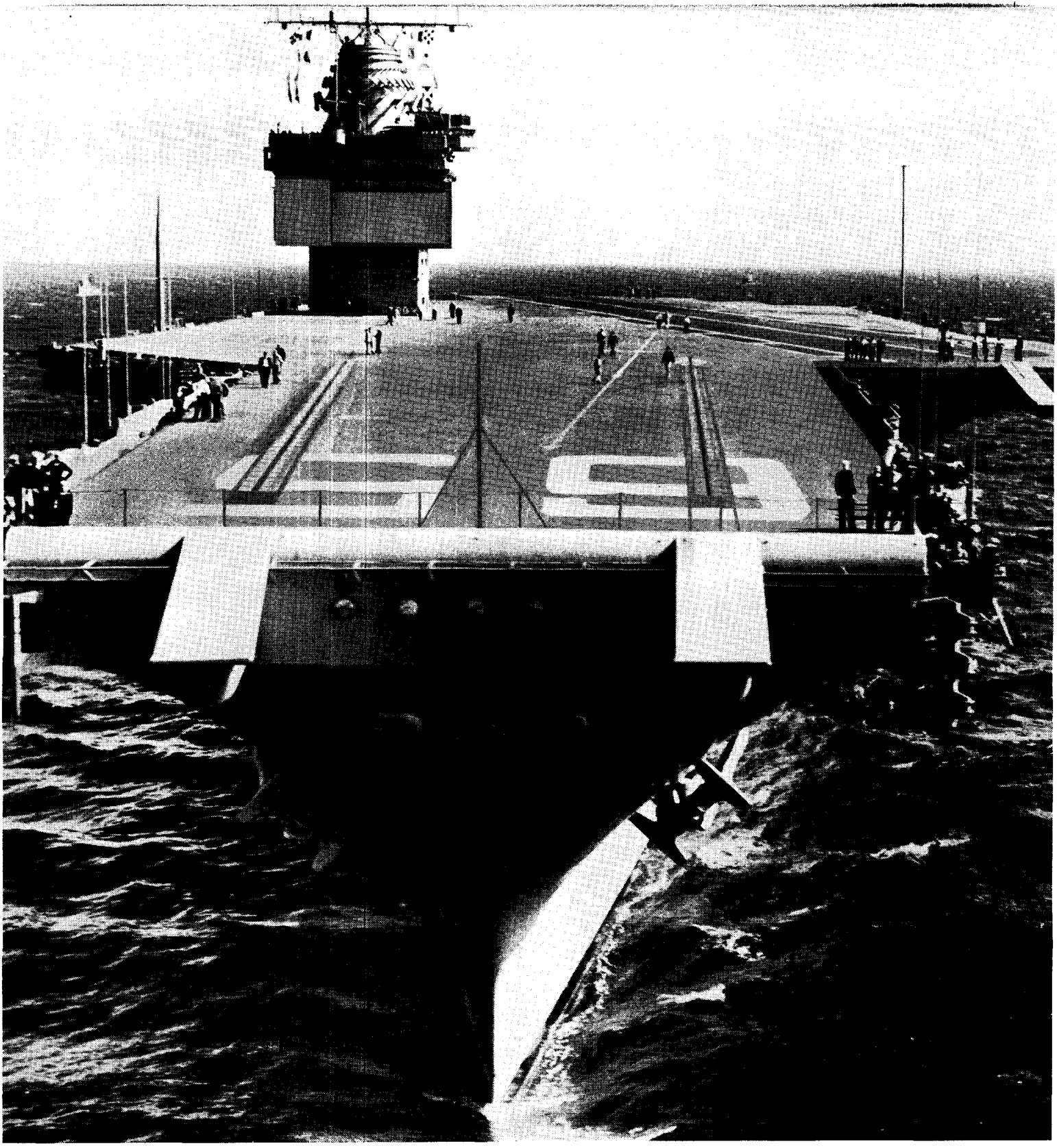

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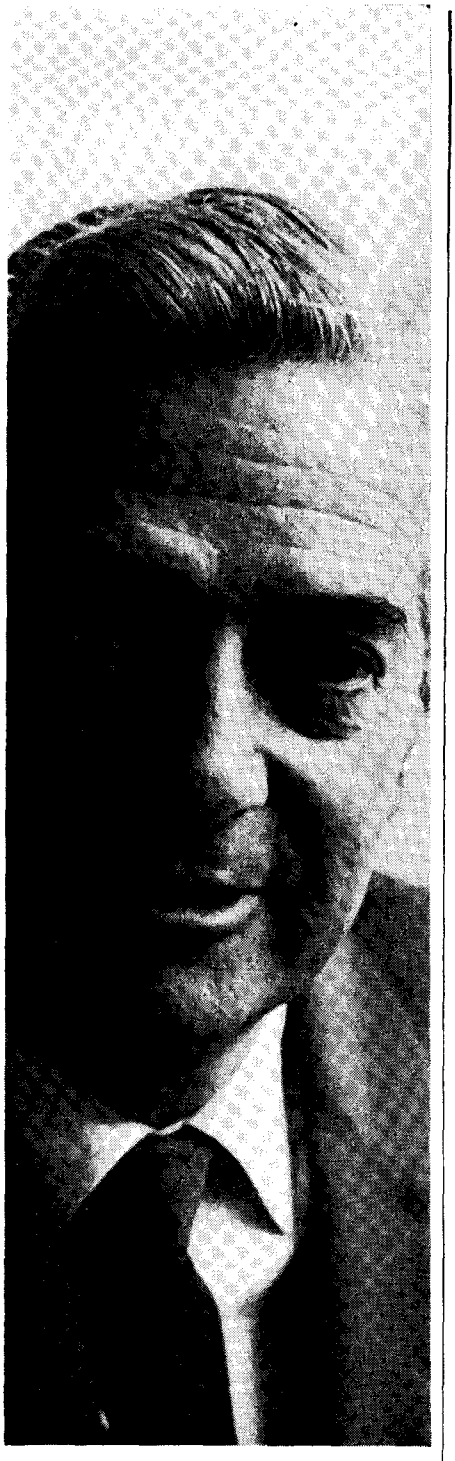

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE CLEVER BOXER moves first in this direction, then in that, trying always to distract his opponent's attention and catch him off guard when a really punishing blow is to be delivered. So would the Russians attempt to play upon our reactions with their carefully timed diplomatic and military gestures. First a jab in Berlin, then a clinch at the U.N., another jab at Berlin, then a long roundhouse toward Cuba, and always back to punching again at Berlin. Only at our peril will we fail to parry each of these thrusts, and yet even more important is the need to understand the style of boxing we are up against and thus contrive to base our own tactics not only on our own strengths but on the weaknesses our adversary would seek to conceal.

In this issue we consider the salients in Cuba and in Berlin, which the Russians have recently been pressing in a kind of pincers movement. **Max Ascoli's** editorial attempts to define what our proper interests must be in the fate of that island ninety miles off our own coasts where Russian troops and arms have been arriving in increasing numbers during the past few months. The question of what Khrushchev and Castro hope to accomplish by the military build-up in Cuba is analyzed by **Léo Sauvage,** the New York correspondent for *Le Figaro* whose *Autopsie du Castrisme* has just been published in Paris by Flammarion. . . . A day-by-day account of the comings and goings of the Russian armored cars in West Berlin is provided by **Daniel Schorr,** who covers West Germany for CBS News.

DE GAULLE'S PRACTICE of exercising his leadership by going directly to the people has recently been applied in his conduct of foreign relations. Speaking in German, the general greatly strengthened the warm reconciliation that has been effected between France and the Germany led by his old friend Konrad Adenauer. Our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** reports on the reactions of Europeans to this new phase of the entente and speculates about its effect on the plans of American policymakers. . . . The Russian attack on the U.N. is sure to go on now that the General Assembly is once again in session. But according to **Lawrence Malkin,** a member of the Associated Press's U.N. Bureau now on leave, they have already made a good deal of progress in their efforts to undermine the effectiveness of the secretariat. . . . Not all the underdeveloped areas of the world are in Africa and Asia. Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** describes the efforts the Italians have been making to spread the economic miracle that has been taking place in northern Italy to the desolate regions south of Rome. . . . In his speech last month explaining why there would be no immediate tax cut, President Kennedy made an honest mistake in attempting to paint a bright picture of the efforts to retrain unemployed workers. The mistake, unimportant in itself, prompted **Julius Duscha,** a reporter for the Washington *Post*, to dig further into the rather distressing record of the administration's retraining program.

IN THIS ISSUE we offer two treats for those of our readers who like to play games with words. In addition to the regular *Reporter* acrostic, there is on page 39 a puzzle prepared especially for American addicts by the crossword editor of the venerable *Times* of London. Preceding this rather special bonus for what may constitute only a minority of our readers is an article that may help to explain the fascination of these weird exercises to those who have always wondered what all the fuss was about. **J. A. Maxtone Graham** is a young Scottish writer, the son of Jan Struther, who contributes frequently to British and American publications. . . . **Dan Wakefield's** study of Spanish Harlem, *Island in the City*, was published by Houghton Mifflin. . . . The drawings as well as the prose of **Jay Jacobs** frequently adorn these pages. . . . **Abraham Brumberg** is the editor of the bimonthly journal *Problems of Communism*, which is published by the U.S. Information Agency. He is also the editor of a new book called *Russia Under Khrushchev* (Praeger). . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Hilton Kramer** has recently been appointed to the faculty of Bennington College.

Our cover is by **Laureano Garcia.**

•

With this issue, **Marya Mannes** goes on what we hope will be a brief leave of absence to work on a book that has been in the back of her mind for some time. We are happy to announce, however, that although, as some of our readers have surmised, everywhere that Marya goes **Sec** is sure to go, the writer of the verse that appears with *The Reporter's* Notes in nearly every issue will still be on the job.

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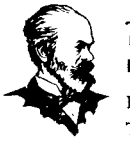

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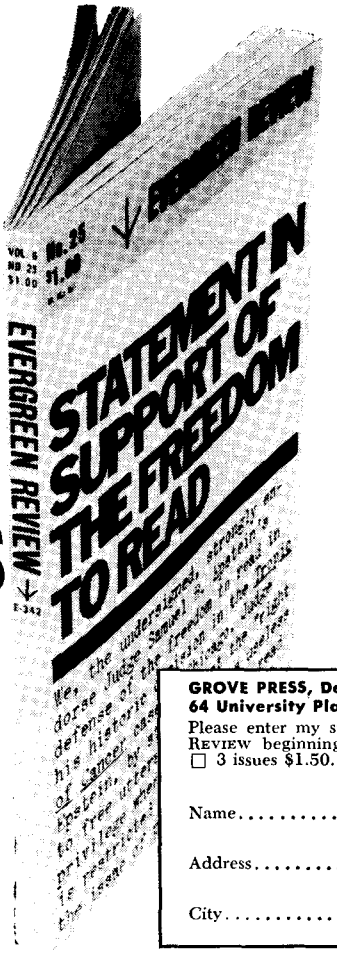

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BERLIN

To the Editor: I would like to write you a word of thanks for the kind of reporting with taste I find in every issue of *The Reporter*. There is so much "uncovering of facts" or other kinds of demagoguery these days in our papers that I enjoy all the more the sometimes well-known but forgotten things that are said in *The Reporter's* pages, or sometimes the fresh wind that is blowing there, for the good of all who can think. There is just one point which I want to raise: Berlin. I am very glad that you have pointed out repeatedly how dangerous the situation is and what should be done. It seems to me that the situation has never been so dangerous, and that perhaps something is cooking there for this year's anniversary of the October Revolution. It is not only the tragic episode of Peter Fechter that makes me think this: I can understand only too well the poor U.S. soldiers who had the order not to move, and who therefore stood there and looked. But why was such an order given? Where are the allied rights in Berlin?

What seems more dangerous to me is the fact that there is no longer a Russian officer responsible for East Berlin and that the people of Berlin are losing, it seems, their faith in the repeated affirmations that the allied forces are going to stay.

I am not sure whether in all the policymaking around Berlin the rather special population of this city has been appraised correctly. Consider the fact that although they can leave this hot spot, taking all their goods along, only very few do so; indeed, new ones move in and stay there. I am fairly sure they are ready to fight if they ought to—and, unfortunately, perhaps also if they ought not. It would be an absolute disaster to see the allied troops and German police shoot demonstrating people who start to tear down the wall, for example, but are we so sure it won't happen if they have to go on looking at the inactivity of the West? I know it is difficult, but perhaps it is less dangerous than some people believe, to call a halt now after the East has been allowed to cut so many slices off this salami. But I am afraid it may be too late if it is not done very soon, now that the commander of East Berlin is a German.

We all know how much France has suffered and still continues to suffer from the OAS, from the problem of the "*pieds noirs*," etc. If a similar thing should happen in Berlin, if the population should start self-defense by means of gangs operating against the East and being fought by the West and the East, we may learn too late that Berlin is not Algiers! It seems that at least one man already knows this well: de Gaulle.

I am sorry to bother you with this more psychological than political ques-

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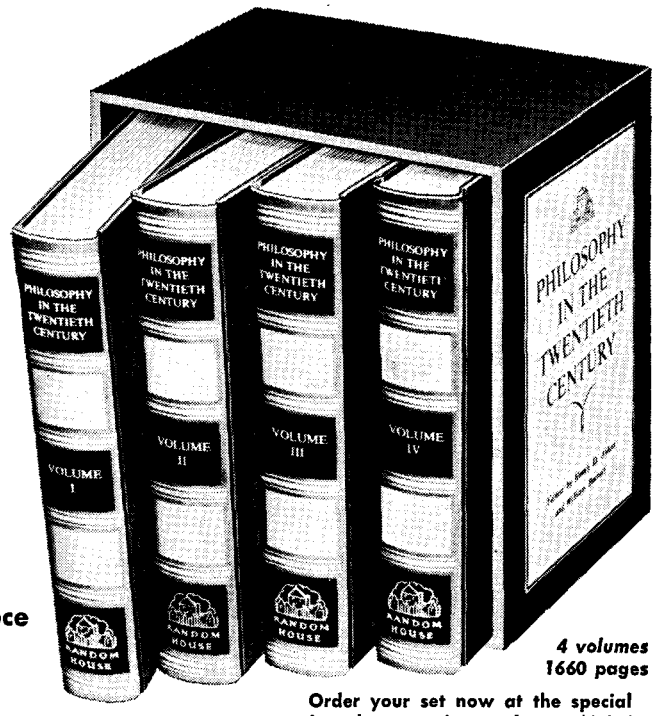

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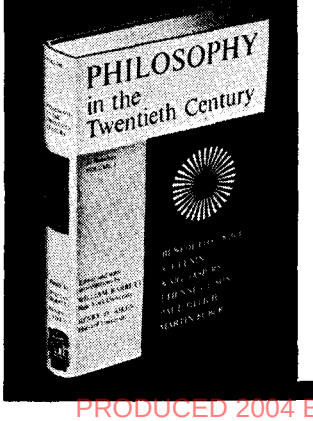

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tion, but, if I am not mistaken, you know the Berliners yourself well enough to see my point and to judge whether I am right or not.

REINHARD BUDDE
Begnins, Vaud
Switzerland

NO, NOT ALL!

To the Editor: The article by Worth Bingham and Ward S. Just on the Young Frontiersmen ("All the Bright Young Men," *The Reporter*, August 16) was a creditable report as far as it went, but like the Internal Revenue Code, it should be condemned for its loopholes. Of the authors' many omissions, none was more glaring than their failure to acknowledge those scouts who toil on the very brink of the New Frontier, a territory known as Capitol Hill. All the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, I assure you that there are many devoted administration loyalists working in Congressional offices. To substantiate my claim, I offer myself as an example.

My credentials are, in all candor, impressive. In 1956, I volunteered my services to the Kennedy-for-Veep campaign effort at the Chicago convention. Four years later in Los Angeles, I somehow found myself in the uncomfortable position of working for the darkest of all possible horses, Governor Meyner of New Jersey, but like other pro-Kennedy Jerseyans, I did little to publicize our "favorite" son's candidacy while collecting my daily gallery pass. I came to work for Representative Frank Thompson, Jr. as a legislative aide last October after an academic career at both Yale and Harvard. (True, I had only spent two years at the former and one summer at the latter, but since I have just now turned twenty-one, it might be said that what I lacked in experience I made up in youth.)

But I must confess to some imperfections. And as for an autographed picture of the President, I fear that this Young Frontiersman lost interest in such mementos in the late 1950's as dust gathered on his inscribed photograph of Adlai Stevenson.

JOHN HOLLISTER STEIN
Old House Office Building
Washington, D.C.

A CHILLER

To the Editor: Nikolai Arzak's contraband story ("This Is Moscow Speaking," *The Reporter*, August 16) is a more chilling indictment of Communism by far than all the rantings of the Schwarzes, Hargises, Walkers, Courtneys, and Dodds combined.

RICHARD Y. NORRISH
Edwardsville, Illinois

STATIONS

To the Editor: While I have not had the opportunity to visit the new Trans World Terminal at Idlewild, I'm sure it is an "exceptional achievement of architecture" as set forth by Ken Macrorie's article ("Arriving and Depart-

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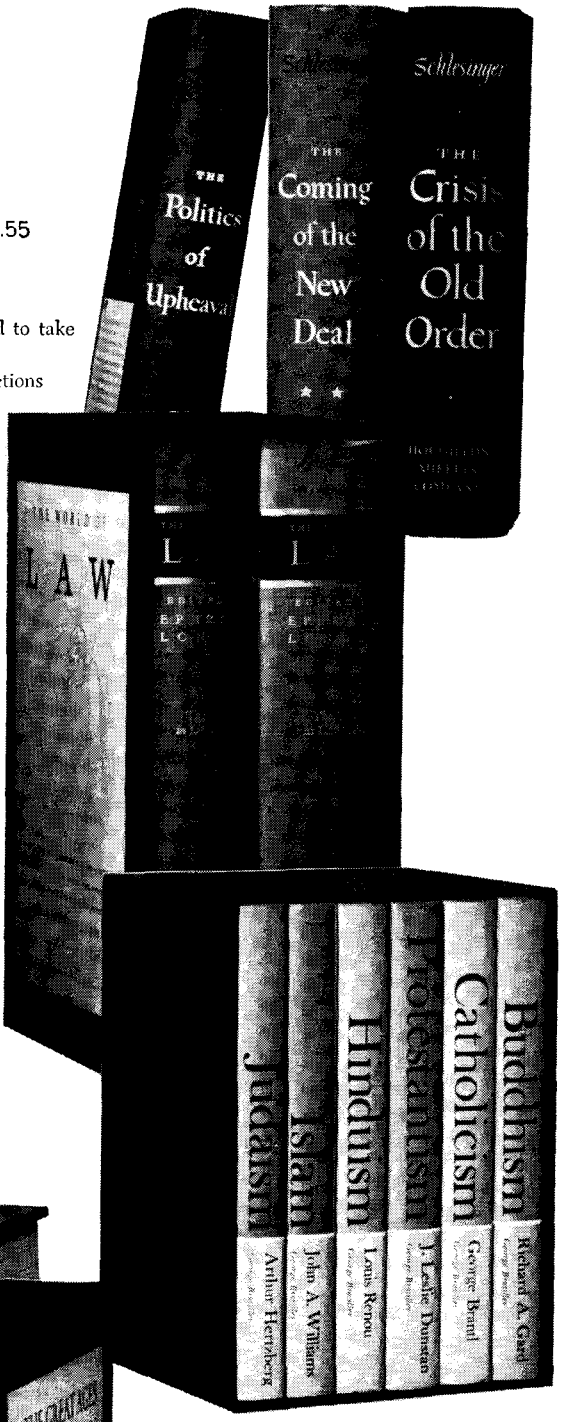

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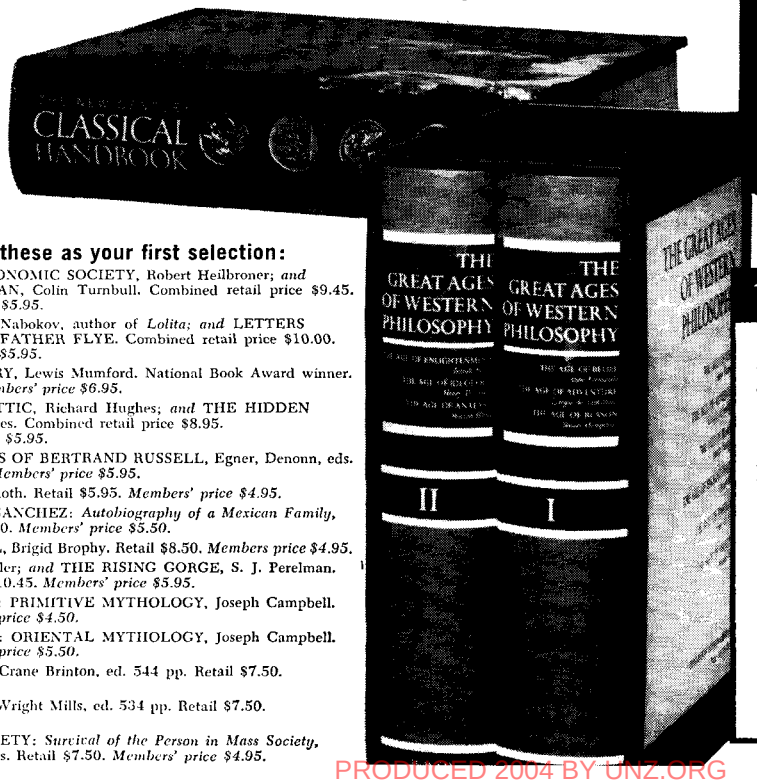

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Discovered by a São Paulo newspaperman, Carolina's diary was published and read by a stunned Brazil. Countless printings later, with a history as one of Brazil's all-time best-sellers, the diary is now published in English. Certain to shock many American readers, this pungent, primitive work contains devastating implications for all concerned with the political fate of the largest and most powerful of our hemispheric neighbors. *Translated from the Portuguese by David St. Clair. With 16 photographs taken in the favela.*

Child of the Dark:
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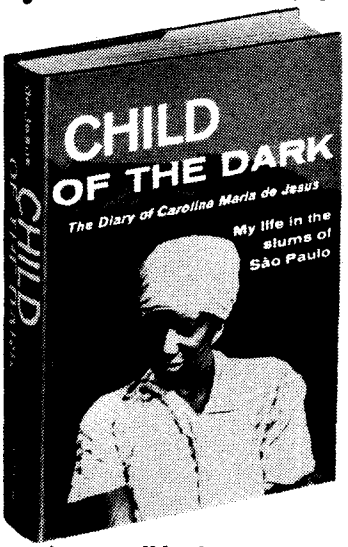

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ing," *The Reporter*, September 13). His contrast of that new terminal with the Pennsylvania Station in Manhattan is very interesting.

We know that Penn Station when constructed was certainly an architectural achievement, but for many years past it has outlived its economic life and now must go to make room for a much needed sports and entertainment center. May such new construction form the basis for further interesting articles by Ken Macrorie.

J. W. EWALT
Manager, Real Estate
The Pennsylvania Railroad Company
Philadelphia

To the Editor: On a recent visit to New York I, like Mr. Macrorie, was very much taken with the new TWA Terminal, and spent some time in it. I, too, after walking in and around it could "sense the counterpoise, the balance." However, I could also see several drawbacks to the use of curves as a dominant theme of a public building; if Eero Saarinen could not surmount them, it is easy to understand why lesser architects have avoided them in favor of the safer straight line.

¶ On the upper level of the Terminal are several curved half-walls or area-dividers that are just the right angle and length to serve as slides for young children. In terms of logic of the building as a whole, the curves are appropriately placed. Nevertheless, they may prove to be an "attractive nuisance."

¶ On some of the exterior walls, where no attempt was made to provide a textured finish, one can see signs of the successive pourings of concrete, and in some instances there are already the beginnings of cracks.

¶ Soaring curves must meet somewhere. Most of the building's curves meet in the midline, in what sometimes almost seems to be a conventionalized heart shape. When one adds to this the bright red carpeting and plush furnishings in the waiting areas, one gets the feeling of being in the middle of a huge St. Valentine's Day gift box.

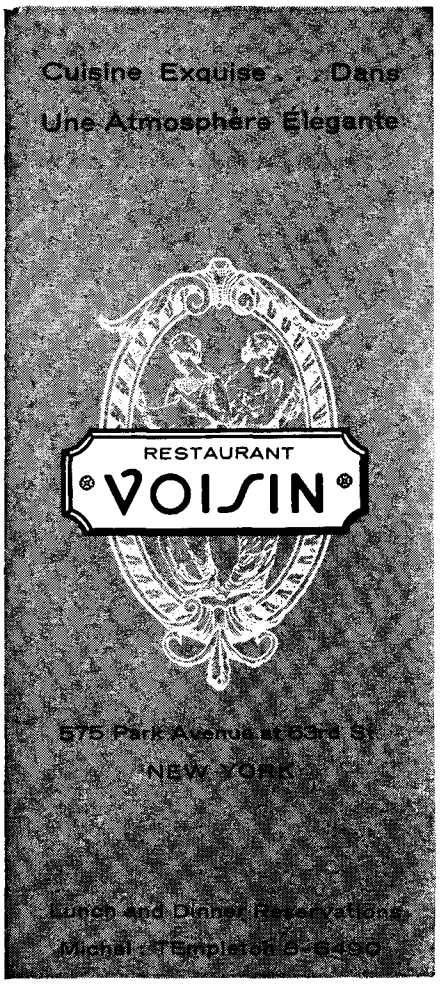
However, these are only minor defects in a building that can be considered a living monument to an inspired artist.

N. H. EISEN
Champaign, Illinois

MOUTHFUL

To the Editor: In your correspondence columns for September 13, Oliver Jensen's attribution of "Queen, you said a mouthful" to Mrs. Alfred E. Smith in a conversation with Marie of Romania is not altogether accurate. The principals were Mrs. John F. Hylan, wife of the mayor of New York in 1919, and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians—except that the episode was invented by a reporter.

EUGENE GRAUBART
New York



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Hard Line

Far and away the most interesting U. S.-Soviet negotiations now in progress are taking place in New York between Mr. Allen Hughes, dance critic for the New York *Times*, and the cast and directors of the Bolshoi Ballet. The Soviet side has thus far offered the West a three-part program—*Swan Lake* in four acts, *Giselle* in two, and something new called *Spartacus*. The *Swan Lake* package, however, failed to include Odile's thirty-two *fouettés* which have always been considered an indispensable feature in the West. Perhaps because Mr. Hughes made no secret of his coolness toward the original Soviet version, the Bolshoi backed down three days later and re-introduced the missing steps. Mr. Hughes took note of the change. The *fouettés*, said he, in the language of Geneva, were "acceptable." Whether or not his hard line on *Swan Lake* was responsible for last-minute changes in *Giselle* is not known, but the second Bolshoi offering was received without objection. Thereafter, as is so often the case, came a violent reversal of policy. Unaccountably the Soviets introduced the bloody pageant *Spartacus* which Mr. Hughes, speaking for the West, promptly rejected as "preposterous." It remains to be seen whether the Soviets will modify *Spartacus* or withdraw it from consideration altogether.

We must admit to certain doubts about Mr. Hughes's political understanding in these matters. For one thing, he has not even considered that the unevenness of the Soviet Union's behavior may well suggest a power struggle behind the scenes. Nor has he taken note of the fact that there has undeniably been a thaw in the Bolshoi Ballet since it last appeared in New York. There was definite evidence of revisionism in the *corps de ballet*, for example, whose un-coordinated dances occasionally approach something like private enterprise. But whatever he may be lacking in political savvy, Mr. Hughes is our idea for a first-rate negotiator. He is both tough and polite, and he knows what he wants. Nor did he let it be known in advance what he would settle for. While he is calling the Bolshoi's performances to the attention of the public, we would like to call his own performance to the attention of appropriate State Department dignitaries.

Getting Out the Vote

If you were a Negro living in Mississippi or Alabama or Louisiana and you wanted to register and vote, your success would depend on a number of factors. First, of course, you would have to find the registrar, which is not always as easy as it sounds. Some registrars, according to Justice Department records, have taken to hiding from Negro applicants in the nooks and crannies of Southern courthouses. Were you to unearth the registrar, you then would be presented with an application form which you might be told was an "examination." In Mississippi your success or failure could well be determined by which section of the state constitution the registrar asked you to copy on your form and then to "interpret" to his satisfaction. Are you up on the intricacies of ground rents, say, or of eminent domain? In Alabama, moreover, you might never even be notified whether or not your application had been approved. In that event if you were to make a second application and to answer "No" when asked if you had ever been denied registration you might, as was the case with one Montgomery Negro, be indicted for perjury. "Will you give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States Government or the government of the State of Alabama?" reads Question 19 on the Alabama

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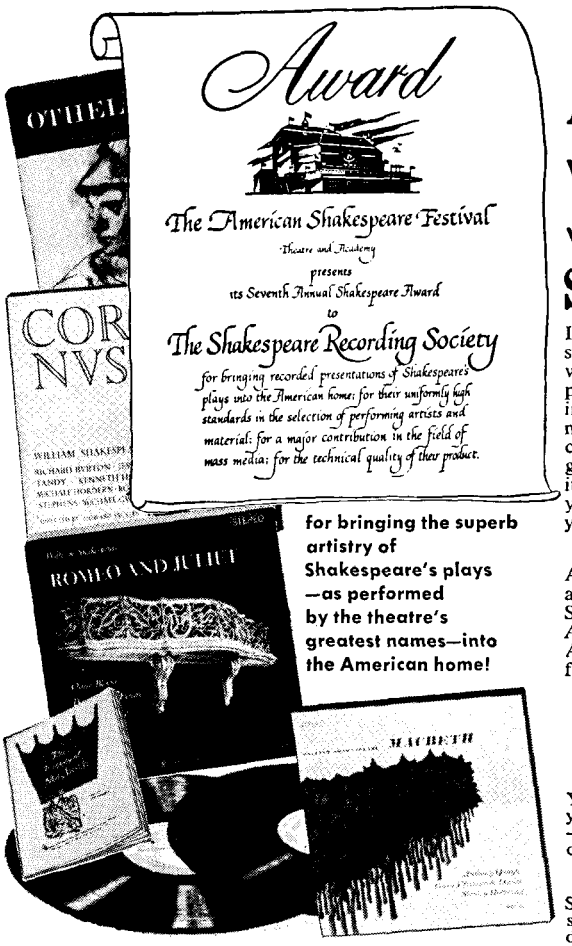
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—*As You Like It*—ACT II, SCENE IV

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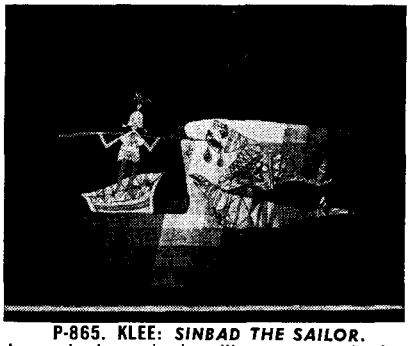

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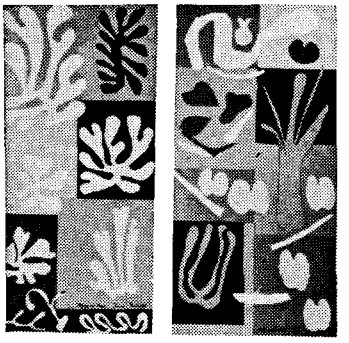

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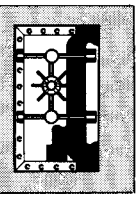
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form. Small wonder that some Negroes, taking the question to imply a choice, have written on their forms, "Alabama."

Despite some recent outbursts of violence connected with the Negro registration drive in Georgia, the foregoing examples of harassment are characteristic of the developing subtlety and imagination with which some Southern citizens and officials are attempting to ward off registration. The days of crudity when massive evidence of discrimination could easily be presented and when the defense was content with appeals to states' rights are rapidly passing. It was not difficult to establish the fact that white applicants had not taken their "examinations" on their own, after all, when their answers were typewritten: few people normally bring their typewriters along when they register to vote. Nor is the department likely to hear again testimony such as that of the white witness from Bullock County, Alabama, who declared that he had received no help in filling out his form while also admitting that he could neither read nor write. How was that possible? Well, said the witness, at the time of registration he had been literate but since then he had got a television set and he had been looking at it so often that he had forgotten how to read and write.

Nowadays proving discrimination and/or intimidation has become a trickier and more tiresome business. Far more forms must be scrutinized by the Justice Department to establish that Negroes but not whites are being denied registration for minor errors, for example. Elaborate legal maneuvers by the states must be met with even more elaborate ones on the part of Justice and they must be speedily executed. The department must also go in the same area repeatedly to ensure that favorable decisions are obeyed. Happily, there has been no reluctance in Washington to do so. In East Carroll Parish, Louisiana, for example, the department went in four times attempting to meet a primary-election deadline. When the registrar resigned, a Federal judge, taking advantage of a provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1960 for the first time, registered twenty-six Negroes himself. Twenty-five of them voted on primary day.

The number of Negroes registered and voting is still small, but as a result of the thirty-two actions taken—twenty-two of which were initiated by the present administration—Negro registration and even influence is beginning to show. Thus in Macon County, Alabama, Negro registration has risen from 1,000 to 3,000 since a suit was filed there. In Washington Parish, Louisiana, it has risen from 200 to 1,900. In Fayette and Haywood Counties in Tennessee, it has gone respectively from sixty to 3,000 and from zero to 2,000. And even in Bullock County, Alabama, some people may be looking at television so much that they plum forget how to read and write, but it is clear that candidates for elective office at least are beginning to look at the new Negro registration figures as well. They are up from five to 1,000. This spring, in fact, for the first time in the history of Bullock County three candidates for sheriff asked and received permission to address meetings of Negro voters. One of them even requested a chance to come back. He wished to apologize, he said in his second appearance, for thoughtlessly calling some of the Negroes by their first name when he should have addressed them properly as "Mister."

Aristophanes in '64

Speaking to a Greek-American group in Chicago recently, senator Goldwater compared our theater and television unfavorably to the serene, balanced, rational theater of ancient Greece, with its strong sense of human greatness and dignity. In contrast he said, one sees on our TV sets "vast and contorted expressions of emotion over trifling problems!" "Unless there is a belief in the potential greatness of man," he said, "there can no longer be tragedy; there can only be melodrama . . . comedy has become 'wisecracks,' very clever . . . But the background of greatness is not there, so the savor, the depth of contrast, is gone. The surprise, the fast switch, the shock have taken its place." "Your ancestors would look upon us with pity," he told his Greek audience; "To them, we would be truly barbarians."

We started to regard this venture into cultural criticism with favor, as

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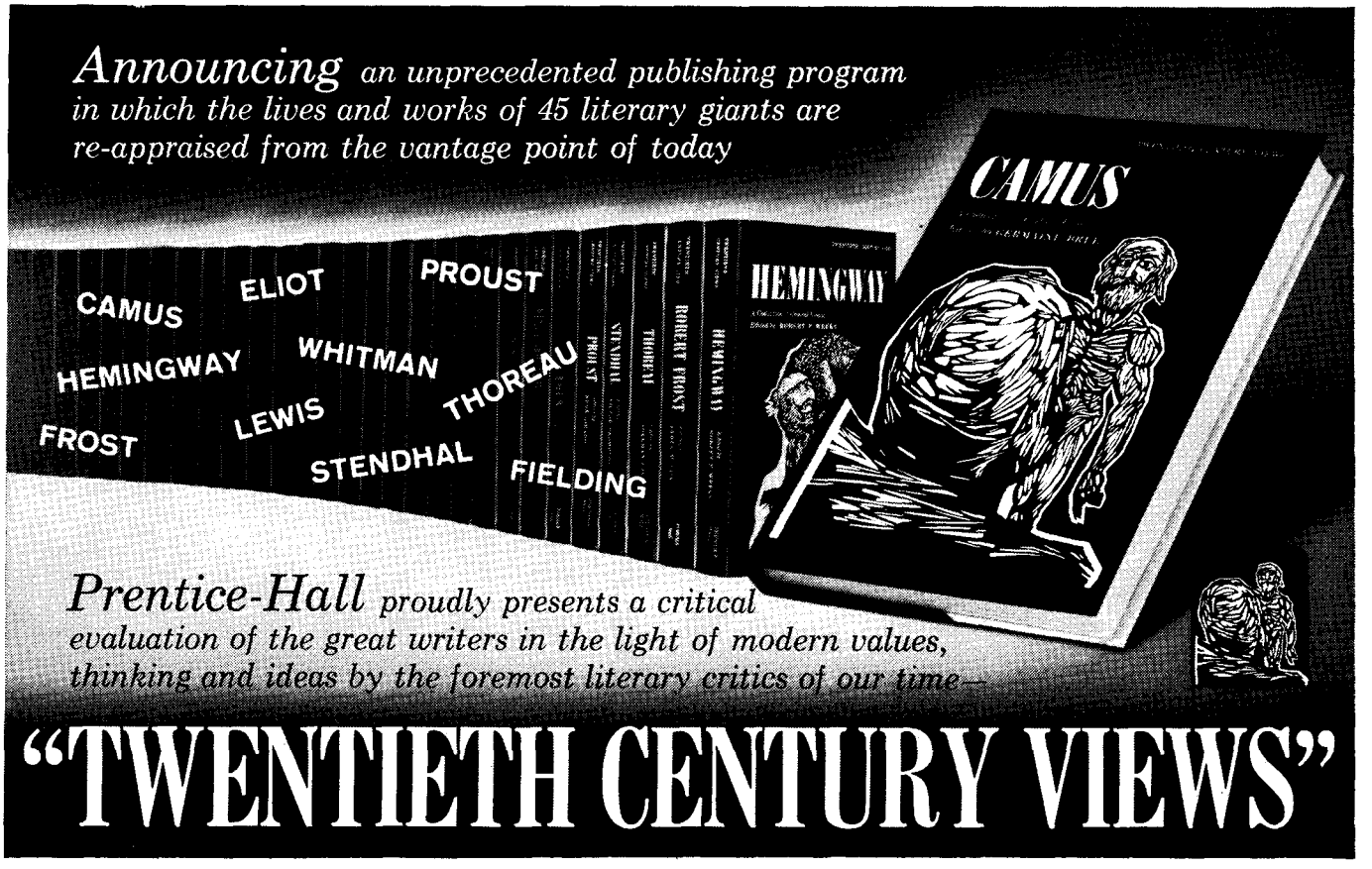

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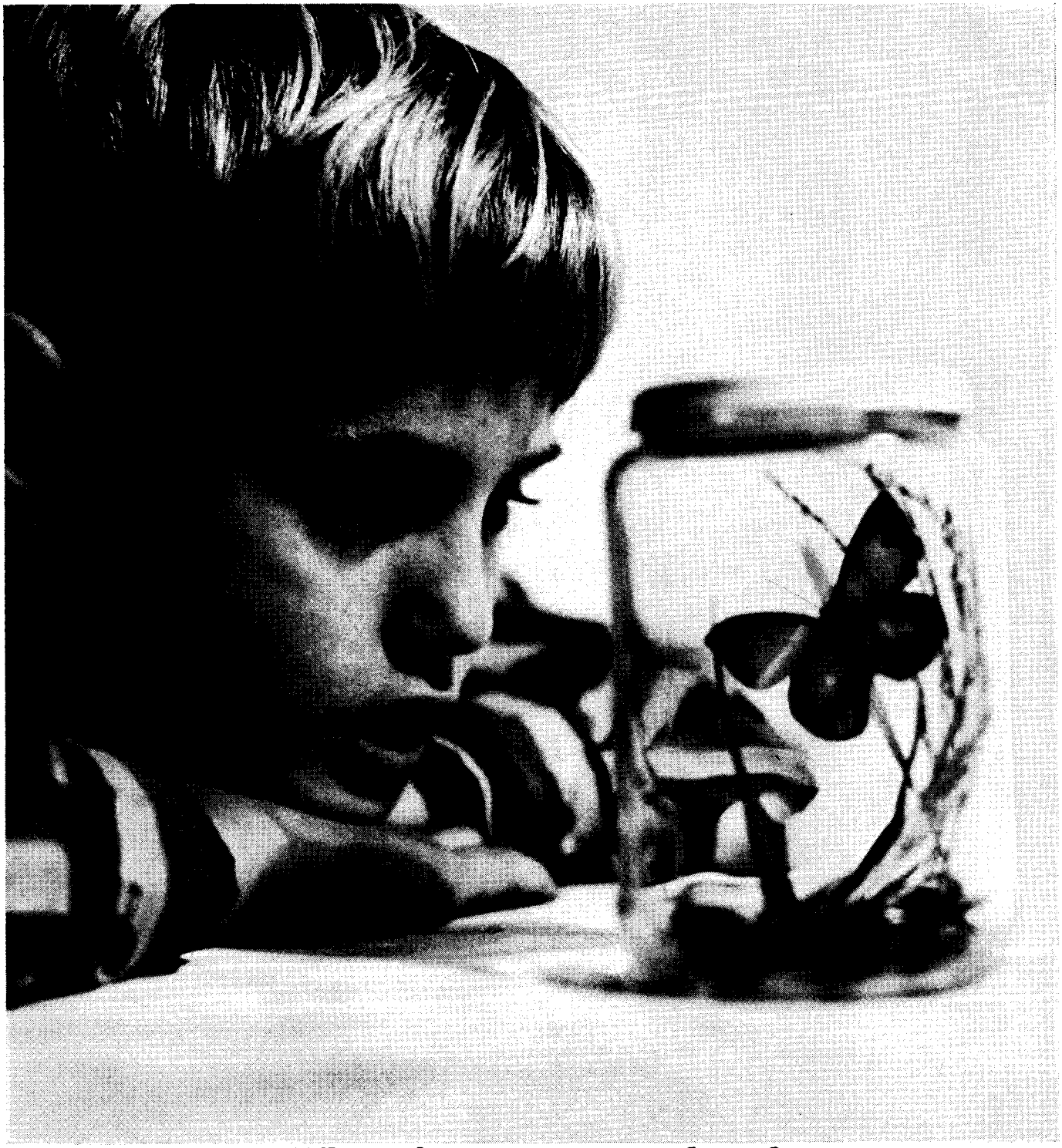

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This fall, children will gather answers by the score as they watch news, documentary, and educational programs on television. There'll be special programs to stretch young minds—like "Discovery '62," which will highlight subjects of history, art, science, music, current events, travel, and hobbies . . . like "Reading Room," bringing the delights of books to children of ages 8 to 12 . . . like "Exploring," which will kindle interest in language, arts, music, mathematics, social studies, and science.

With advanced teaching and entertainment techniques, programs like these can provide useful background for formal instruction.* And through encouraging the viewing of these programs, parents and teachers can help young people awaken their latent interests—while helping develop still more of television's exciting potential for both children and adults. (See program listings at right.)

Television Information Office, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

*For a comprehensive study of children's programs presented by television stations across the country, see "For the Young Viewer" edited by Dr. Ralph Garry, Dr. Frederick B. Rainsberry, and Dr. Charles Winick. McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York.

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October . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are current N.Y. time)

Discovery '62
Monday through Friday
Beginning October 1 (4:30-4:50 PM)

Reading Room
Saturdays (12:30-1 PM)

Exploring
Saturdays beginning October 13.
(12:30-1:30 PM)

Flashing Spikes
James Stewart in a new drama.
Thursday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

Politics and Pollsters
The growing dependence on opinion polls.
Sunday, October 7 (6-6:30 PM)

Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Sundays, October 7-14-21-28 (6:30-7 PM)

Smash-Up
Documentary drama on insurance rackets.
Wednesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

The Campaign and the Candidates
Report of pre-election developments.
Sundays, October 14 (5:30-6 PM) and 28 (5-5:30 PM)

Wide World of Sports
Power regatta; Sumo; Dublin horse show.
Saturday, October 20 (5-6:30 PM)

Madman
Sylvia Sidney in two episodes of *The Defenders*.
Saturdays, October 20 and 27 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Teahouse of the August Moon
John Forsythe, David Wayne, and Paul Ford.
Friday, October 26 (8:30-10 PM)

The River Nile
The Nile's 4,000-mile course through history.
Sunday, October 28 (10-11 PM)

The World of Benny Goodman
Includes coverage of his USSR tour.
Monday, October 29 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Close-Up!
Urban renewal and city planning.
Tuesday, October 30 (10:30-11 PM)

Campaign '62
Study of key issues and candidates.
Wednesday, October 31 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM Atomic Age Physics American Government COLLEGE OF THE AIR The American Economy TODAY CALENDAR
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	NCAA FOOTBALL GAME OF THE WEEK
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION INSIDE POLITICS ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS COLLEGE BOWL UPDATE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS THIS IS NBC NEWS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT

Note: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

a rare and happy chance for us to agree with the Arizona senator, and as a refreshing contrast to many politicians' remarks about the arts. But just as we were about to endorse Mr. Goldwater's comment wholeheartedly, we were rendered cautious by a strong whiff of ideology.

"It is no surprise," he went on, "that the greatest writer of Greek comedy —Aristophanes—was also conservative. I wonder what he would have said about the humorless and self-righteous reformers of today." Well, we ask, what would he have said of the humorless and self-righteous *anti*-reformers of today—of the NAM, or the American Legion, or the "Goldwater in '64" people? We went to a Goldwater meeting once and, frankly, the people there did not look like folks who would enjoy Aristophanes very much—and vice versa. We wonder what they would think, for example, of Aristophanes' tendency toward appeasement and anti-militarism. The writer of *Lysistrata* held views rather different from those held by the man whose name appears on the dust jacket of *Why Not Victory?* Also, would Aristophanes meet the conscientious conservative's moral requirements? ("There is no escaping the fact that Aristophanes wrote just as obscenely as he could on every possible occasion"—introduction to the Random House *Complete Greek Drama.)*

Be that as it may, the senator confidently summed up his lecture with a sweeping generalization that would have done credit to the most portentous literary critic. "I do not believe," he said, "in our present social state, . . . dominated as it is by a trivial conception of man—dominated as it is by superficial reformers who expect to save and to protect and to remake man through government action . . . that either great tragedy or great comedy is possible . . ."

But is the empty comedy and "meaningless violence and meaningless sex" on television, which Mr. Goldwater rightly deplores, really the result of social reform and government action? Mr. Goldwater's old friend the free-enterprise business system may have had something to do with it. He might find some "trivial" views of man in that neighborhood, too. None of those Greeks, probably including Mr. Goldwater's fellow conservative Aristophanes, would be entirely happy in a culture where man often seems to be respected primarily as a consumer. In short, although we are glad Mr. Goldwater sees that our drama is lacking in depth, we do not think he should blame that condition entirely on the ADA.

NURSERY RHYME

Communist Issue Revived by Nixon; He Opens Drive by Calling Brown Soft on Reds—New York Times

Oh Governor Pat is soft on Reds,
Soft on Reds,
Soft on Reds,
Oh Governor Pat is soft on Reds—
(He trusts the FBI).

But Dickie knows the threat within,
Threat within,
Threat within,
But Dickie knows the threat within
(For he's the Public Eye).

Have you ever heard this line before,
Line before,
Line before?
Have you ever heard this line before?
Fol Dee Diddle Dee Aye!

—SEC

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MAX ASCOLI

Our Worst Neighbor

In any recital of the standard list of backward or developing nations entitled to our assistance in becoming self-sustaining and self-developing, there is never any danger of Latin America being left out. Yet those countries in themselves, and our relationship with them, present problems of inordinate difficulty—certainly far more perilous than those we face in Africa and Asia, where many a new nation is still sustained by the energizing and civilizing influence it first acquired under colonial management.

In the Latin-American subcontinent, independence was won generations ago from a decrepit imperial rule that did not leave much of a legacy, aside from musty conservatism and blatant rhetoric. Freedom there came somewhat prematurely, well before the beginning of industrialism, and without the benefits that derive from belonging to a vigorous and productive world-wide community.

Had our nation colonized those orphaned countries, by now the phase of decolonization would be well over, the sister republics would know about as much as we do about the running of private and public business, and we would be much better friends, north and south of the Rio Grande. Fear of troubles coming from Europe and confidence in the British fleet (the two things combined were named the Monroe Doctrine), plus fits of moralism, prevented us from indulging in anything more sinful than some substantial grabbing of nearby and tempting land more than a century ago.

Our country assumed a somewhat uneasy tutelage of the orphaned countries. At times it showed no dislike for the stagnant, sometimes rotten status quo and did its best to keep the subcontinent, as the term goes now, "insulated." We couldn't introduce full-scale industrialism in lands we did not rule, though we developed a strong predilection for some of their natural products: not gold, to be sure, for the greedy Spaniards had already taken care of that, but bananas, copper, and oil. We were and are still incessantly reproached by the Latin Americans for all we did and for all we refrained from doing. We were and we are still accused of having established a sort of an empire.

Our uneasy conscience found some relief in recurrent cycles of Pan-American gushiness. Like the Latin Americans, we fell victim to the habit, or maybe the curse, of misnaming our relationship. It may all have started with Columbus, who never doubted that the first natives he met were Indians. From then on the inhabitants of the continent have been Americans all, and the attempt has never been abandoned to find a common spiritual content for the common name. Particularly during the last decades, we have cherished the Americans south of the Rio Grande as good neighbors, while the feelings have not been too good and the neighborhood idea overextended, considering that the most substantial countries of the hemisphere are as far away from us as Europe or Africa. This does not make us cease calling the whole expanse of land, down to Cape Horn, our back yard. For the freedom and well-being of the people in the back yard we feel a genuine responsibility. Lately our government has offered them something called an alliance, which inspires a number of Latin-American governments to move toward nonalignment—distinctly not with us.

Cuba is the one spot most definitely in our neighborhood and indeed in our back yard. There is no misnomer here. We gave independence to the Cubans. We kept a watchful eye on the evolution of their politics, though we did not prove to be much wiser than the Cubans themselves, and we made vast investments in Cuba's economy. Every Cuban leader has received enthusiastic support from substantial sections of American opinion—including Fidel Castro.

At the beginning, this Castro business looked like a farce, unpleasant to be sure, yet somewhat in line with the Coney Island in the Caribbean role Cuba seemed to play in the life of Americans. But that beginning is long past. Recently, another impudent clown has acquired a leading role in the show. It is Nikita Khrushchev, of course, who is offering the starving people of Cuba the assistance of his unexcelled experts in the techniques of raising crops and fattening cattle.

With all his antics and threats, there is no possible doubt about his aim. He wants to extend his empire and he does not want to run the risk of another Hungary. The concentration of Communist weapons and soldiers in Cuba probably does not represent a serious military danger to us. Khrushchev and Castro are not that mad. But there can be no mistake about their drive to expand Communism into Latin America—the ugliest type of empire, the one most cruel to the peoples it conquers, and the one that imposes on them a discipline they cannot possibly outgrow.

We cannot let it happen. Neighborhood aside, Latin America is in this world and Cuba is now an arsenal of Russia imperialism. A few days after the Bay of Pigs tragedy, the President made a pledge bound to be redeemed. He said, "Those who gave their lives shall not be forgotten . . . Cuba must not be abandoned to the Communists. And we do not intend to abandon it either."

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Castro's Foreign Legion

LEO SAUVAGE

THE REVOLUTION was over. In the eyes of the Cuban people, Fidel Castro was the man who had won it. Yet the *barbudos* who were cheered in the streets of Havana on that first day of victory were not Castro men. They had come not from the Sierra Maestra but from the Sierra del Escambray, where the maquis fighters had not been under Castro's control and where the revolutionary leaders had thought of themselves as his equals. Considering themselves well within their rights, Major Faure Chomón and the men of the Directorio Revolucionario occupied the Presidential Palace and took their time about moving out of it, despite urgent requests from Castro. Grudgingly, they took up a strong position on University Hill and on January 10, 1959, two days after Castro reached Havana, they raided the arsenal of San Antonio de los Baños and seized a large number of weapons. At that point the recent victors of the Cuban revolution seemed on the verge of going to war among themselves.

Castro made a speech that brought the situation under control. He asked the Cubans, and particularly the anti-militarist *barbudos*, to consider what the stockpiling of weapons could do to a victorious revolution: *Armas? Para qué?*, he cried. "Arms? What for?"

That put an end to the Directorio Revolucionario. The next day Faure Chomón surrendered the stolen weapons. Soon after, he evacuated the university and his troops were rapidly integrated into the Ejército Rebelde, the new national army. Lieutenant Achilles Chinea, who had been on guard duty the night of the raid at San Antonio de los Baños and felt shamed by his failure to prevent the theft, attempted suicide. But he survived, and a year later he became an anti-Castro émigré. As for Major Faure Chomón—who had ordered the raid and who told me at the time that Fidel Castro did not seem to him sufficiently aware of the Communist danger—he became Castro's first ambassador to Moscow and one of the artisans of the Soviet colonization of Cuba. Today he is the minister of communications in Castro's administration.

Armas? Para qué? Castro's question of January, 1959, has long since been laid to rest in the vast cemetery of betrayed ideas beside the slogan that was soon to follow: "The revolution makes barracks into schools." But now that schools are being made into barracks and weapons are being poured into Cuba in great quantities, the question of what the arms are for takes on a new urgency.

It is difficult to evaluate with any certainty the quantity and the exact

nature of the reinforcements in men and matériel that have been landed at various Cuban ports since late July. Recently arrived refugees in Miami constitute the main source of information available to the press. But these refugees have not usually had much opportunity to wander about their native land before emplaning for Miami and in any case they tend to paint a dark picture. Even without entertaining too high an opinion of the CIA, one can assume that with all the means at its disposal and with events taking place so close to home, the intelligence service must be able to supply Washington with more or less accurate information about Cuba. We must also take into account the fact that with the Republicans intent on making the Cuban problem a campaign issue, the Kennedy administration is obviously anxious to play down any alarmist interpretations.

What Mr. Kennedy Omitted

By checking these evaluations with diplomatic sources, with news brought out of Cuba by European newspapermen, and particularly with reports to the new Cuban resistance movements from clandestine informers, some of whom are in the Cuban government, a conclusion becomes apparent. In brief, it would seem that the data made public by President Kennedy in his statement of September 4 accurately summarize the technical aspect of Soviet military assistance to Cuba but omit certain elements that are indispensable to an understanding of its implications and extent.

The White House statement listed the following items of military assistance:

¶ "A number of anti-aircraft defensive missiles with a slant range of twenty-five miles which are similar to early models of our Nike." (This fact has been established "with-

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out doubt," according to the statement.)

¶ "The extensive radar and other electronic equipment which is required for their operation." (Qualified in the statement by "apparently.")

¶ "Several Soviet-made motor torpedo boats carrying ship-to-ship guided missiles having a range of fifteen miles." (The White House said this has been "confirmed.")

¶ "Approximately 3,500 military technicians now known to be in Cuba or en route," a number considered by the White House as "consistent with assistance in setting up and learning to use this equipment."

Aside from the fact that the number of "military technicians" is probably closer to 5,000 or even to 6,000 than to 3,500, this summary is faulty only in that it gives no information on the role assigned to these men and this matériel in the framework of the Cuban military apparatus.

INFORMATION gathered from various sources suggests an organization plan whose implications are of some interest. Three points in particular are to be noted:

¶ While the first Communist military advisers, who started arriving as early as the summer of 1960, were sent with interpreters to training camps for the militia and frequently even gave "lectures" or "night courses" in factories, workers' clubs, and town halls for the benefit of the local militia, in recent months fewer and fewer foreign technicians have been assigned as instructors in regular militia units.

¶ Most of the reinforcements landed in Cuba since last July form self-contained units, with their own supply services, chauffeurs, and cooks, and they are quartered in separate camps where they have no contact whatsoever with Cuban forces.

¶ The remainder of the foreign military groups, who are also quartered in their own camps, do provide instruction and training, but only to specially selected Cubans who are sent to them in small units or even as individuals.

According to this information the White House statement was undoubtedly correct in its assertion that "There is no evidence of any organized combat force in Cuba from any Soviet bloc country." But the existence of specialized military posts, set up in specific positions in a preestablished military structure, show that some of the elements upon which a military base could be established are already available.

It is also clear from the way the training programs are now being carried out that a major transformation is taking place in the structure of Castro's military forces. It has been sketched out for some time but is only now being put into practice: the organization of a Cuban professional army, destined for service as the régime's Praetorian Guard.

Disarming the Army

From the very start, even while he was enveloping them in his flowery rhetoric, Fidel Castro took great care to place strict limits on the role and the powers of his troops in olive green. Perhaps he simply wanted to prevent the national army from becoming so powerful that it might some day follow the unhappy precedents set by so many Latin-American armies, including Batista's Cuban "army of sergeants." More probably Castro mistrusted the Ejército Rebelde for much more immediate reasons. After all, as organized after the fighting was over, the national army contained detachments of the Directorio Revolucionario and the Segundo Frente del Escambray, both of which had been formed and had fought independently of Castro's leadership. Moreover, most of Castro's own officers—liberal intellectuals, anarchists, Socialists, Christian Democrats—felt nothing but revulsion for the totalitarian Communism toward which Castro was moving. In October, 1959, Major Huber Matos, a hero of the Sierra Maestra, was arrested for the "crime of anti-Communism." In the broad purge that followed, there was a wave of defections that made the Ejército Rebelde irremediably suspect to the Castro régime.

Distrusting his national army, Castro founded a militia, in whose training political indoctrination took on at least as much importance as the manual of arms. To be sure, dependable units of the old Ejército Rebelde were selected by Raúl Castro to be placed under the command of newly designated Communist officers as a sort of army within the army, but in general the companies of *barbudos* who had brought Castro to power ended by being downgraded into working parties, trusted only to carry shovels rather than guns. In the spring of 1960, at a time when the régime's propaganda was glorifying the "heroic" militiaman standing at the ready day and night to repel the enemy at the cry of *Patria o Muerte*, the Ejército Rebelde was mentioned only to praise its pacific exploits. I even remember a profusely illustrated article devoted to a detachment of *barbudos* in the province of Pinar del Rio, in which the men were shown busily at work under the command of their maquis captain manufacturing gas stoves.

BUT APPARENTLY even the new militia could not be trusted entirely. The military role of the new force began to be downgraded hardly a year after it had been created.

The young militiamen proudly paraded up and down in their uniforms, ever ready to bray with apparent conviction the simple slogans they had been taught. But it was proving very difficult to turn them into competent soldiers, and accidents of all kinds wrought havoc unmatched in the ranks of any modern army. Furthermore, morale was badly hurt when the trade unions lost their freedom and working conditions became well-nigh unbearable after the Communists took over the Confederación de Trabajadores Cubanos. The loyalty of the militia, which had been largely recruited from the working class, began to seem as doubtful as its military aptitude.

In short, toward the end of 1960, Raúl Castro found himself obliged to treat the militia the same way he had treated the Ejército Rebelde a year earlier: he chose certain elite units from among those showing at least some promise of becoming technically and politically dependable. These units of the militia, combined with similar units drawn from the Ejército Rebelde, are now supplying the nucleus of the new Cuban Red Army.

No doubt the militia as a whole will not disappear, but more and

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more it will be used, as the national army was used, to serve as work battalions. That is precisely what it has been doing already ever since last winter, when thousands of militiamen were sent—in effect as scab labor—into the sugar-cane plantations, where the *guajiros,* who had been Castro's most trusting followers, were expressing their opposition to his policies with a work slowdown.

The New Rebellion

Armas? Para qué? What is the purpose of the arms that dozens and dozens of ships are unloading in Cuban ports? The answer this time is quite evident. They are being brought in to crush the growing rebellion, in all social classes, of a people that less than four years ago was cheering Fidel Castro as their liberator.

The reports of missiles being unloaded on the docks, the spate of headlines, the fury of notes from Moscow, the indignation of Senator Capehart or Senator Keating—all this made people forget the importance of the changing social climate in Castro's Cuba.

It is revealing, for example, to fit together three separate pieces of news that followed closely one upon another a few weeks ago:

¶ The Cuban ministry of labor, in a decree that imperiled the right to paid vacations by subordinating them to production requirements, also set maximum wages at 200 pesos a month. This is lower than the pay of an average skilled workman under Batista—not even taking into account the fact that the peso, formerly worth one dollar, has meanwhile lost two-thirds of its value. The same decree permits the forced transfer of a worker from one place to another or from a factory to a sugar-cane plantation, either as punishment (if, for example, he has been fifteen minutes late twice during a month) or simply "if the necessities of production call for the transfer." This decree was issued on August 29.

¶ On August 30, twenty-five prominent trade-union leaders set out for Moscow, where for ten months they will take special courses in trade-union management.

¶ Beginning on September 1, access to beaches and other recreation facilities—which the revolution had thrown open to the people—is permitted only upon presentation of a special identity card that is to be issued only to trade-union members and their families. In accordance with instructions from Castro, who has warned that there can be no room in these recreation centers for "parasites" or "counter-revolutionary elements," the identity cards will be denied to workers who are dilatory in the performance of their trade-union duties.

It is not difficult to imagine popular feelings about a trade-union organization whose leaders fly off to go to school in Moscow while the labor minister promulgates harsher measures than a modern government has ever dared impose on its working class. Moreover, in a speech delivered before transportation workers in July, Fidel Castro complained that many workers seemed to "regret the

past." He accused the workers of having shown "counter-revolutionary sentiments" by sabotaging busses and by not collecting fares. He was even more severe with the taxi drivers who "fan the counter-revolution by their talk with their passengers," and he threatened to confiscate the taxis of those "who imagine they can live freely in Cuba as an anti-social group." Castro wound up his speech that day by warning that the workers "have much progress to make to be worthy of the revolution." All this is reminiscent of a poem by the late Bertolt Brecht about Berlin in June, 1953:

After the rising of June 17,
The Secretary of the Writers' Union
Had leaflets distributed in the Stalin-allee
in which you could read that the People
Had lost the government's confidence,
Which it could only regain
By redoubled efforts. Would it in that case
Not be simpler if the government
Dissolved the people
And elected another?

In addition to the middle classes and laborers the Castro régime has earned the enmity of housewives who have demonstrated in the streets against food shortages, farmers (Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, head of the agrarian reform services, August 25 at Havana: "Should we give every farmer a little bit of land? No!") and farm workers (the same Rodríguez, a long-time Communist, declared the same day that "severe measures are to be taken against *guajiros* leaving a state plantation or farm without permission from the authorities").

And finally Castro is even losing the students, who up until now have been his most dependable supporters. According to *Hoy,* the daily paper that speaks for the Communist old guard, Castro conferred on August 15 with Juan Marinello, former president of the Partido Socialista Popular (Communist) and now rector of Havana University, in order to discover ways to prevent the students from defecting. The students, it seems, "are giving up their studies in great numbers" in spite of all efforts made by the authorities, who offer them not only reduced schedules and easier examinations but also scholarships, free board, lodging, and, *Hoy* noted with pride, "free uniforms."

WILL the Praetorian Guard that Raúl Castro is building up with Soviet help be able to silence the ever-growing voices of opposition in Cuba? Any irresponsible adventures such as that of April 17, 1961, in the Bay of Pigs is doomed to fail. They

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were doomed to fail, however, even when Castro had only some poorly trained militiamen and a relatively small number of Russian tanks and Czech four-barreled guns. Unless directly and actively backed up by the armed forces of the United States, any operation planned and organized from outside Cuba—and therefore inevitably looking to Cubans like a foreign invasion—never had and never will have the slightest chance of success.

A national uprising within Cuba, however, might well succeed, especially if the CIA gave up playing politics and at last decided to do something useful by supplying insurrectionary forces inside the country with the weapons and the technical assistance they need. After all, ground-to-air missiles, radar, and even MIGs cannot be of much help against guerrilla raids or in street fighting. Furthermore, no matter what the quantity of useful weapons—tanks, for instance—that have recently come into Castro's hands, these weapons cannot continue to be replaced in Cuba as they could be in East Berlin in 1953 or in Budapest in 1956. The East Germans and the Hungarians had not just some five thousand or ten thousand or fifteen thousand Russians to fight against; they had the whole awesome might of the Soviet Union at their doors.

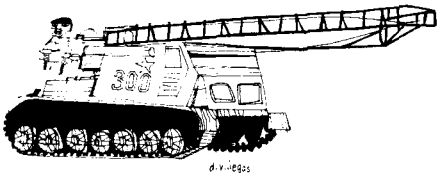
All things considered, an insurrectionary movement based on the real forces of opposition to Castro in Cuba (which might include the Ejército Rebelde and even elements of the militia but categorically excludes the followers of Batista cherished by the CIA), a movement that this time could count on the immense material resources available to it only a short distance from Cuban coasts, would be no weaker today against a Castro army officially trained and equipped by the Soviet Union than were Castro's *barbudos* when they faced a Batista army officially trained and equipped by the United States.

Behind the Beard

What then do the Russians hope to accomplish with the arms and men they are sending to Cuba? When the Kremlin suddenly decided to provide Castro with such massive assistance, what aims was it pursuing other than the simple one of bolstering a régime that seemed about to collapse?

The first thought that comes to mind is that the Soviets, after letting their distant satellite flounder more or less uncontrolled, have realized the possibilities it offers to further Communist penetration in Latin America. The armada, loaded to the gunwales, that has been entering Cuban ports for several months would indicate the start of a vast Soviet enterprise aimed at acquiring a foothold now on the American continent.

The Soviet Union certainly did not wait until July, 1962, to become aware of the advantage Cuba offered



for such an undertaking. But two factors that the Russians had not foreseen upset Soviet calculations and compromised Soviet hopes.

One was the Castro administration's total incapacity to manage the nation's economy and the speed with which it reduced a prosperous nation, devoted to its revolution, to the lamentable level of Walter Ulbricht's East Germany. The other element was the incredible fact that Castro publicly threw away the trump card he had supplied the Kremlin, namely Castroism. Until he openly identified himself with the Communists last December, Castro had offered the Communists a native, independent aspect under which they could find the welcome that for forty years had been denied them when they tried to penetrate Latin America undisguised.

The Soviets' present efforts can hardly remedy the first of these catastrophes and must inevitably make the consequences of the second worse rather than better. In spite of the enduring and humiliating defeat it means to the Soviets, they have been unable to furnish East Berlin with the minimal prosperity that would make a comparison with West Berlin less damning for Communism. It is hard to imagine how they will be able to do any better thousands of miles across the seas in Havana. Merely to save Cuba's economy from total collapse and maintain a standard of living equal to that of Eastern Europe's "People's Democracies" will be a difficult enough task.

As for spreading Communism throughout Latin America, there is no getting around the fact that the new Red Army of Cuba, with all its presumably faultless discipline, with all the modern weapons that have been promised it, with all its advanced technical training, is in a much poorer condition than the *barbudos* of earlier days to play a role in the internal conflicts of other American republics. The chances of success for such an enterprise were based on infiltration tactics, while the form now given to army reorganization seems to condemn Castro's future army to open aggression. Even if one concedes that the day may come when Castro's army would have the necessary shipping and aircraft for an invasion, it seems doubtful that the Kremlin could entertain many illusions about the success of such an operation.

For Khrushchev, the advantages of the Soviet presence in Cuba must consist mainly in its usefulness to Soviet world strategy as a whole. It is not my purpose to go into the possible bearing that the status of Havana might have upon that of Berlin. Yet it is interesting to note that there has always been a certain fear in Castro's entourage that Cuba might become a bargaining point in negotiations between Moscow and Washington. It is not at all impossible that Che Guevara asked the Soviet leaders for reassurances on this subject during his recent trip to the Soviet Union. If he did, it would be most surprising if he obtained anything more than vague promises.

After all, would anyone really be astonished to pick up the papers some morning and read a Kremlin statement officially recognizing that the Russians now have a military base in Cuba and proposing that all military bases on foreign soil be abolished?

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The Trojan Troika in Berlin

DANIEL SCHORR

". . . And there the mischief stood. Then strife arose among the Trojans compassing the horse, and threefold was the doubt . . ."
—The Odyssey

BERLIN

AT 10:52 P.M. on Tuesday, August 21, three low-slung four-wheeled Russian armored personnel carriers rolled up to rain-swept Checkpoint Charlie with the eighteen-man relief detail for the guards at the Russian war memorial on the Tiergarten. The story of the ensuing weeks provides a perfect example of Soviet tactics and the difficulties of trying to concert an allied response.

The Russians had not used armored vehicles in West Berlin since just after the war. The sentries came to the memorial by bus through the Brandenburg Gate just 250 yards away, but since the closing of the gate in August a year ago they have come through Checkpoint Charlie following a route of 2.2 miles through the American and British sectors. For four previous nights the bus had been stoned at Checkpoint Charlie by West Berliners demonstrating over the fate of Peter Fechter, the young East Berliner who had been shot and left to bleed to death at the wall. But on this night there were no crowds, thanks to tougher police measures and the heavy rain.

The arrival of Russian armored cars did not take the American authorities completely by surprise. A few hours before had come a perfunctory notification from the Russians and at 10 P.M. another notice that the vehicles would arrive in an hour. American officials felt that there was something ominously new in the idea of displaying Soviet armor in West Berlin. But because Secretary of State Rusk had been on the telephone in preceding days warning against any escalation of tension and because no one could be sure the stonings would not be renewed, the American command did not reply to the Soviet notification or try to prevent the entry of the vehicles.

To be sure, the American commandant, Major General Albert Watson II, still smarting under the memory of the day Peter Fechter lay dying at the wall while he searched his directives for the power to save him, was in no mood now for standing by and doing nothing. Watson ordered his military police to escort the Russian convoy through West Berlin and to warn the Russians against any display of weapons. The Russians seemed in a hurry and anxious to avoid any argument. They showed no weapons, accepted the escort, and raced off to the memorial, returning to Checkpoint Charlie in twenty minutes.

THE NEXT DAY, August 22, the armored cars arrived at 1 P.M. In the name of General Watson, a statement was read to the Russian lieutenant in charge explaining that escorts are required for all armored vehicles—including American ones—traveling through city streets in the American sector for reasons of traffic safety. This time there was a forty-minute argument, with the Soviet officer in constant radio consultation with his headquarters. Finally the escort was accepted.

A preliminary showdown came on the following day, August 23. The steel-clad troika arrived at 1:33 P.M., this time with soldiers standing up in the turrets holding submachine guns. American MP's ordered them to get the arms out of sight. This and the escort issue led to an argument lasting three hours and twenty minutes, during which a Soviet officer warned that the Russians would retaliate by escorting all American vehicles in East Berlin and on the Autobahn through East Germany.

Why the Russians chose to make their big fuss that day can only be surmised. They could hardly have known that General Watson had just received a message from Washington questioning his handling of the escort matter. Finally the armed soldiers withdrew into their vehicles and the cars went through. But on the way back, the turrets were opened again and when the cars arrived at the Friedrichstrasse the soldiers were standing at defiant attention with their submachine guns.

Until now the British had declined to share in escorting the Russian armored cars. The British commandant, Major General Claude Dunbar, wanted to do so, it is understood, but was overruled by Ambassador Sir Christopher Steel, the highest representative of his government in Germany. But now, in view of the direct defiance of allied authority represented by the flaunting of Russian weapons, the British changed their minds. It was arranged that the Americans would escort the troika from Checkpoint Charlie in the American sector and the British accompany it back from the memorial in the British sector.

The next day, August 24, the armored cars arrived at 2:40 P.M. The Russian lieutenant listened impatiently, with an occasional brusque *"Ja, ja,"* while the statement on escort requirements was read to him. The vehicles rolled to the war memorial, changed the guard, picked up the British escort, and then took a wrong turn, trying to break away from the leading British jeep.

ON THAT DAY an American convoy leaving Berlin was held up six and a half hours at Babelsberg. That it was no routine matter was indicated by the fact that two Russian colonels were on hand to supervise the operation and were frequently on the telephone to their headquarters. The ostensible issue was whether American troops should dismount from their vehicles to be counted. The American convoy commander refused to have his men stand out on the road because it was raining. The Russians kept the argument going until the rain stopped, and the American troops then dismounted for a nose count. It was now becoming clear that the Russians were serving notice that they equated their access to West Berlin with ours.

On Monday, August 27, a Russian armored car under British escort grazed a West Berlin civilian car. The British, who usually use what is called "open escort" procedure, with the lead jeep far out ahead to clear traffic, now agreed to standardize on the American procedure of "tight escort," meaning that the escort cars

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run close ahead of and behind their charges and halt for traffic lights. A British official said privately, "I never knew there were different kinds of escorts. The things you have to know to deal with the Berlin situation!"

THE RUSSIANS had been running their armored cars daily for a week now. With the danger of demonstrations over, the Americans suggested that they revert to using busses. A Soviet officer blandly replied that busses were no longer available because they belonged to the Soviet commandant for East Berlin, who took them away when his post was abolished.

On August 29, President Kennedy was asked at his press conference whether the Soviets' use of armored cars did not give them new rights and correspondingly reduce allied rights in West Berlin. He replied, "In my opinion, it doesn't have that effect at all." The next day, the President's Berlin adviser, General Lucius Clay, visited him to urge that Russian armored cars be barred from West Berlin and that sentries be made to walk the 250 yards from the Brandenburg Gate. Clay warned Mr. Kennedy that an appearance of unconcern might encourage the Russians to build up their military presence in West Berlin.

A day later, on August 31, the Russians started doing precisely that. They added their own escort of two jeeps to their armored troika. And the day after that, they suddenly switched from four-wheel to heavier six-wheel vehicles. The American mission persuaded Washington that it was time to call a halt.

Desultory discussions among allied commandants and political advisers reached a climax in a hasty conference that night on the steps of the Berlin Opera, where all were attending a gala performance of Verdi's *Otello*. The Americans urged the immediate banning of armored cars from West Berlin. The British were not ready for such a drastic step and suggested as an initial test that the Russians be told to use a shorter route to their war memorial. There was an implication—or at least so American officials understood it—that a ban on armored cars would follow quickly.

It was decided to advise the Soviets on the next day, Sunday, that they would be expected within forty-eight hours to switch from the Friedrichstrasse to the Brandenburg Gate, which nobody expected them to accept, or to the Sandkrug Bridge, the next closest crossing point, about a mile from their monument. Notice was to be given to the Russian convoy commander as he left West Berlin on Sunday, September 2. Before he received it—but probably aware of it through a news leak that it was coming—one of the Russian commander's armored cars clipped and damaged an American escort sedan disabled by a blown-out tire, ignoring an American MP waving to the Russians to halt. The Russians got the forty-eight-hour ultimatum when they returned to Checkpoint Charlie. On Monday, September 3, the allies tried to make the notice more formal. With the four-power link in Berlin broken by the abolition of the post of Soviet commandant, the allies instructed their liaison officers in Potsdam to seek out General Ivan Yakubovski, the Soviet commander for East Germany. They were informed that he was "unavailable."

Monday night, with time running out, the allies decided to use another channel—the Soviet liaison officers accredited to the allied forces in West Germany. These officers were to be called to the respective headquarters on Tuesday morning to receive notice of a new route. The British added a fillip of their own by seeking out a Russian officer in his quarters at three o'clock in the morning.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 4, the Russians replied to the British—but not to the Americans or the French—saying they had no objection to using the Sandkrug Bridge. They also made another kind of comment. On that day Soviet jet fighters flew briefly alongside American, British, and French commercial airliners over Berlin as a reminder that allied access to West Berlin was much more vulnerable than theirs.

THAT EVENING at seven, the Russian troika of armored cars rolled over the British sector crossing point at the Sandkrug Bridge. At 9 P.M. the allied commandants met at the British headquarters in West Berlin's Olympic Stadium Building to decide on the next move. There was an opening comic touch as the French commandant, Major General Edouard Toulouse, chairman for the month of September under the rotating system, apparently unaware of the day's developments, suggested that the first item on the agenda should concern dispositions to be taken in case the Russians refused to use the new route. His own political adviser, Jean Le Roi, who let it be known that he considers the Berlin assignment a bore, had not bothered to enlighten him. But the meeting soon settled down to a slam-bang argument between the British and the Americans, which continued at a meeting the next day, Wednesday, September 5. General Watson was ready to follow up the route change with a new forty-eight-hour ultimatum to the Russians to cease using armored cars altogether. The British refused and contested the American impression that there had been an advance agreement on this point. They suggested that it would be better to wait a couple of weeks to see what pattern developed; perhaps the Russians would decide on their own that armor was no longer necessary. In any event, the British representatives said, their hands were tied because the decision had been reserved by the government in London.

There were some angry questions from the Americans. What if the Russians go to eight-wheel vehicles, which they are known to have in reserve? What if they start driving armor not just to the war memorial but to the Spandau War Crimes Prison and elsewhere in West Berlin? A British political adviser, Anthony Rouse, retorted, "You will be consulted, of course, but this is now a British responsibility." The Americans were alarmed by this statement, for it was indeed true that the Russian vehicles were now circulating entirely in the British sector, and they recalled that the British had at one time or another toyed with ideas of concessions to the Russians such as a permanent enclave at the war memorial and even a corridor to reach it. The meeting ended angrily and indecisively, but in succeeding days American pressure on the British was stepped up. In addition, West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt started a campaign to warn that the Russians were trying to make themselves "a

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fourth occupying power" in West Berlin.

The interallied negotiations were moved to a higher level—a working party in Bonn representing the three ambassadors—which met on Friday, September 7. The British then agreed that it was time to act, but the French representative had to wait for authority from Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, who was not immediately available because he was accompanying President de Gaulle on his tour of West Germany.

Meanwhile, on Saturday, September 8, a carefully phrased allied statement issued in Berlin noted that "It is the most natural thing in the world for the Soviets to return to changing their guard in a bus as they have done before. There is no reason for them to come in armored cars."

On Sunday at Bonn, the working party met again and decided to proceed. A statement was drawn up containing no deadline or ultimatum but telling the Russians to stop using armored cars. On Monday, September 10, a British officer tried to hand this statement to the Russian guard commander at the memorial as the vehicles left West Berlin, but the Russian, presumably aware of what it was about, refused to accept it.

Finally on Thursday, September 13, a British officer entered the war memorial compound and read the statement aloud to the armored-car commander while he was standing in his turret during the changing of the guard. The East-West maneuvering over Berlin seemed to have developed into an almost childish game of hide-and-seek.

BUT THE Soviets were aware that after three weeks of vacillation, the allies had made up their minds to bar the Trojan troika. Soviet diplomats in East Berlin told western newsmen that it had never been intended to use armored cars indefinitely—only until there was assurance of the safety of Soviet personnel in West Berlin. In the new atmosphere of Moscow's Berlin "pause," the Soviets were apparently not ready for a showdown. But it had been an agonizing three weeks before action was taken to find this out.

AT HOME & ABROAD

De Gaulle in Germany

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE long-term implications of President de Gaulle's triumphal German visit earlier this month are still as fascinatingly ambiguous as the future itself, but one conclusion may be drawn that is particularly important for American policymakers. In the words of the London *Sunday Times* correspondent, citing a West German official, "What started as a meeting between two old men has become a new and powerful political factor, due to de Gaulle's enormous personal success

with the German people. This will undoubtedly strengthen Dr. Adenauer's hand. . . ."

Judging from my own observations during the trip, one can safely go a good deal further. There is no doubt that a good deal of the de Gaulle charisma rubbed off on Adenauer, and that in successfully transplanting his personal technique of direct contact with the masses onto German soil, the general was in effect conducting a plebiscite on his elderly friend's policies. However unorthodox the procedure, the results have impressed West German professional politicians, including the half dozen or so who aspire to succeed the chancellor some day. In all probability Adenauer's political health was never as shaky as some of the New Frontiersmen in Washington have hopefully been telling themselves and the world in recent months, but in any case the de Gaulle visit has invigorated it almost as much as an electoral victory. Conversely—as a further illustration of the degree to which national frontiers have already been obliterated in European politics—de Gaulle's triumph in Germany has rendered his position at home well-nigh impregnable as he returns to face a test of strength with the adversaries of his proposed constitutional reform. "Now we know, you and I," de Gaulle said lifting his wineglass to Dr. Adenauer in a toast that at the same time stated one of the facts of present-day political life in Europe, "that we have been acting in full accord with our peoples."

EUROPEAN CRITICS of the de Gaulle-Adenauer policies are more cautious than some of their American counterparts. They neither underestimate the durability of the appeal of these policies nor overestimate the threat they may represent to the broader Western Alliance. "A few months ago," said René Dabernat in a syndicated column published in France by the daily *Combat*, "the American commentator Walter Lippmann wrote of de Gaulle and Adenauer as 'monarchs without heirs.' The prevailing impression was that little if anything of their work would survive them. It is true that the general and the chancellor have such a historic dimension that their physical or political disappearance must leave a vacuum that will not be easy to fill. It is also true that their Wagnerian vision of Europe's destiny leads them to inject a special and perhaps excessive element into the Franco-German rapprochement. But it is erroneous to believe that the entente between the two peoples will evaporate after

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them like some grandiose dream the next morning." Dabernat is widely recognized in Europe as an authoritative and lucid interpreter of Jean Monnet's thought. His rejection of the Lippmann thesis of Adenauer and de Gaulle as stubborn, anachronistic obstacles to western unity under United States leadership is therefore considered particularly significant.

"We have often heard from our friends and allies that it is essential for the defense of the free world for Germans and Frenchmen to draw together," de Gaulle said during his German trip in ironic allusion to recent American and British attacks on his European policy. "That is exactly what we are now bringing about. But it is arousing some agitation among certain of our friends. They should be told that their first reaction was the sound one."

In terms of fortifying the basic Franco-German commitment to the western defense community, de Gaulle's claim seems entirely justified. As *Le Monde* put it at the beginning of the general's trip, he and Adenauer have as one of their prime joint objectives the forging of such close bonds between their respective countries "that the West Germans will never be tempted to seek a solution to the Berlin and German problems in a dangerous dialogue with the East." While there is a school of thought in Washington and London that seeks to encourage such dialogues whatever the hazards, the consensus in NATO is still categorically opposed to any West German gropings toward a separate accommodation with the eastern bloc, and de Gaulle's German visit was aimed at giving new vigor to this vital NATO policy. Most foreign observers in Germany agree that its results were spectacularly—perhaps irreversibly—successful from this viewpoint.

On the eve of the major East-West showdown that seems impending over Berlin, de Gaulle's achievement in heading off an incipient defeatist or neutralist movement in the Federal Republic seems particularly valuable to those western students of German affairs who have recently noticed symptoms of declining morale in the country. One particularly disturbing symptom that came to light during de Gaulle's visit was the re-emergence of the German pariah complex. It seemed to have vanished from the West German public mind in recent years but now appears to have been reawakened by certain recent manifestations of British or American disapproval, especially those seemingly directed against the policies or personality of Chancellor Adenauer, the symbol of the postwar German quest for international respectability. A good deal of the crowd "emotionalism" that disagreeably impressed some foreign correspondents during the later stages of de Gaulle's trip reflected an extravagant gratitude toward the wartime leader of the French Resistance, who without condoning the past crimes of German Nazism or militarism—although he did not neglect to mention them—somehow managed to avoid any trace of self-righteousness in the way he addressed his former enemies. "My hand must be clean since de Gaulle shook it," a German student in Bonn exclaimed to a *France-Soir* correspondent. The Germans were naturally impressed by de Gaulle's eloquent use of their language.

The Effect on Europe

Both in Germany and in France—not to mention the rest of Europe—reservations or even explicit criticisms have been voiced in responsible quarters over certain attitudes manifested by the general and the chancellor.

Concern lest Franco-German co-operation turn into a restrictive two-power bloc or confederation freezing Britain out of the Common Market and alienating Bonn from Washington is reported to have been voiced by President Heinrich Lübke himself, leading to a rather stiff exchange between him and de Gaulle at the start of the visit. The general's address at the West German war college in Hamburg with its tributes to German military tradition and its call for "organic co-operation" between the French and West German armies—and armaments industries—inevitably raised the specter of German participation in the development of the French nuclear deterrent and naturally sharpened such fears. As *Le Monde* put it, de Gaulle now "will have an opportunity to assess the disquiet manifested not only by the Soviet Union but also by our Atlantic and European partners who are anxious to avoid disturbing the present precarious balance both of their alliances and of the military forces facing each other on our continent."

Neither the carefully worded Franco-German communiqué published at the end of de Gaulle's visit nor the French official denials that military co-operation with West Germany involves nuclear weapons have quite reassured those Europeans who are alarmed, but there is certainly no clear-cut evidence suggesting that de Gaulle and Adenauer have the conscious intent of pushing their partnership to the point of threatening basic western solidarity. Their aim is not to detach Europe from the Atlantic Alliance but to restore it to what the communiqué issued during Dr. Adenauer's visit here last July termed its proper station in the world—in other words, equal partnership between the Old World and the New within the framework of the Alliance.

No doubt de Gaulle also values the threat of a Franco-German confederation as a psychological lever for overcoming the opposition he has encountered—notably from the Dutch and Belgians—to his proposals for a European political union. He intends to continue to develop in various fields the close Franco-German partnership that he regards as the magnet of European unification. But he does not wish to institutionalize the association lest this limit his freedom of maneuver on a much broader front. Such, at least, is the view in

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well-informed French and German political circles.

The response of the West German masses to the charismatic element in de Gaulle's personality has, however, introduced a dynamic and unpredictable factor into the diplomatic equation. "The official visit of de Gaulle to the Federal Republic marks the beginning of a regrouping of forces on the international plane," said the Vienna *Neue Kurier*. "Swept along by the myth of unity, the two peoples have finally overcome the complex of weakness stemming from Europe's past wars." To many correspondents who followed de Gaulle's trip around Germany, it did seem in fact that a new European political mystique, with overtones both of hope and of peril, was being unleashed. I had the feeling most strongly when, after de Gaulle's brief appearance on the balcony of the neo-Gothic Rathaus in Hamburg, a brass band struck up the "Marseillaise" followed by "Deutschland über Alles" and the huge crowd massed in the square below began to sing the words of their national anthem with a fervor unheard in many years—a fervor reflecting the reconciliation that de Gaulle's presence had effected in the German mass mind between the German Fatherland and the European one. In fact, a number of people in the great crowd were heard singing the "Marseillaise."

AT THE END of the visit, the largest West German paper, the Hamburg *Bild-Zeitung*, came out with a front-page box in red, white, and blue featuring de Gaulle's words to German youth in Stuttgart the day before: "You can be proud to be the children of such a great people." As *Le Monde's* correspondent remarked, however, the German emotional response was to "the non-elected yet sentimentally recognized President of Europe." The tendency to regard de Gaulle as the symbol and personification of Europe's future appeared particularly evident among German youth. There was nothing more impressive in the popular reception of de Gaulle than the passionate enthusiasm of the young people. Even the soberest German commentators agree that this visit aroused deep and lasting sentiments in the German masses.

The Battle for the Independence Of the U.N. Secretariat

LAWRENCE MALKIN

A DECISIVE BATTLE over the future of the United Nations secretariat is about to begin at the General Assembly. The major encounter will be directed at winning a full five-year term for U Thant as secretary-general without limitations on his mandate. But no less important will be the obscure and complicated debates in the Assembly's Fifth Committee (Administrative and Budgetary Affairs) dealing with the make-up of the secretariat itself: the structure of the international civil service. As Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland has observed, this is "the next major engagement on the United Nations salient of the cold war."

Few who were in the Assembly Hall two years ago to hear Khrushchev's first speech will forget the moment when he proclaimed the time had come to abolish the office of secretary-general. He proposed that the office be divided among three officials, representing the East, the West, and the uncommitted nations of the world. But was a troika at the top his real goal? Perhaps the mistake of the West has been to take his proposal at face value and therefore regard his ensuing antics as the frustrated ranting of a defeated man. Khrushchev himself left New York saying he had "sown good seeds." Several weeks later a Soviet diplomat was talking to a colleague from Asia: "We never really expect to go through with that three-way plan," he said. "We are just trying to hurry things up for you, so the new nations can get what they deserve here as soon as possible."

At any rate, the neutralists' reactions to Khrushchev's shoe-pounding rage must have given the canny Russian a good deal of secret satisfaction. Prime Minister Nehru went home to India and wrung his hands, convinced that the U.N. was in a "procedural muddle because of rigid cold-war attitudes." President Nkrumah of Ghana suggested that what Hammarskjöld really needed was three "subsecretaries" corresponding to the three parts into which Khrushchev had divided all the world. One spokesman after another from the new nations announced that there was, after all, a need for some sort of "reorganization" in the secretariat.

In listening to the months of speeches on, around, and about the troika, I did not hear one neutralist with the boldness to state the obvious fact that the troika plan runs directly counter to both the letter and the spirit of the U.N. charter. And yet sufficient repetition of this basic fact might have gone a long way toward clarifying the Russians' intentions and acts over the last two years.

When Hammarskjöld's death provided the Russians with a windfall opportunity to press for the adoption of their plan, they held out

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for five weeks, then dropped their impossible demands, put on a pose of moderation, and retreated to a position that was still a clear advance for them. They put the troika in storage for the time being and agreed to a single acting secretary-general, an Asian neutralist whose power has been largely dissipated by squabbling in his own house and whose initiative has been curbed by the conditions placed on his tenancy.

ONE PRICE the Russians set for agreeing to U Thant's election was that he appoint a quasi cabinet of undersecretaries and consult with them on all important problems and plans. This was directed against one of Hammarskjöld's old tactics—detouring important and urgent matters around the desk of his Soviet undersecretary, Georgi Arkadyev, who was officially supposed to be responsible for "political and security council affairs." Hammarskjöld had therefore been able to keep his own counsel and move quickly. Whatever the drawbacks of this aspect of the quiet diplomacy Hammarskjöld practiced, it is not a luxury permitted to U Thant.

The eight undersecretaries have been assigned administrative duties, but as U Thant's advisers they are regarded primarily as spokesmen for their own parts of the world: the United States, the Soviet Union, Western Europe, Communist Eastern Europe, Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Middle East. So far, U Thant has not treated his advisers as a cabinet, and the Russians are not altogether pleased with the way he has used the system. Whether they will demand a firmer commitment this fall remains to be seen.

In itself, however, the appointment of the eight undersecretaries represents an important concession of principle: it leads to the direct opposite of an international civil service. And again it runs counter to the ideals set forth in the charter. Every one of the secretariat's workers, from the secretary-general to the telephone operators, is sworn never to "seek or receive" instructions on U.N. affairs from any government, including and especially his own. "Once you introduce the principle of national interests in the secretariat," a western ambassador has commented, "others have to take a political stance in sheer self-defense. If the Russians place a man near the top who works conscientiously and successfully in putting Communist policies across, the United States would insist on briefing the American staff members on their own government's policies. Where would your international civil service go then?"

It was no blunder that Arkadyev, whose tour of duty as an undersecretary was then nearing its end, blatantly passed notes to help Soviet Delegate Valerian A. Zorin out of a tight procedural spot during a Security Council meeting in January. Similar advice is often tendered delegates by many secretariat members—if more subtly and privately. The fact that Arkadyev did it in the open demonstrates that as far as the Communists are concerned, the process of choosing up sides within the secretariat has begun in earnest.

Representative Bureaucracy

The Russians will hardly need a troika if they can limit and control the activities of the secretariat by other means. Many of the new and weaker nations show signs of welcoming a shake-up in the secretariat, in the hope that the abandonment of tenure will make it easier to reorganize the staff on the basis of nationality. "I expected this push," an American delegate confided, "but I didn't think it would develop into a panic situation." About seventy-five to eighty per cent of the staff now have permanent contracts, but at the upper levels the percentage is much lower. Proposals have been made in the Fifth Committee to throw out the principle entirely at the policy level and put officials there on short-term contracts. If the system is seriously weakened, international civil servants with long loyalty to the U.N. would go the way of the dodo.

When the U.N. was being organized in 1945, the Russians proposed a multinational secretariat composed of officials hired and paid by their own governments. Moscow still refuses to allow Soviet citizens to accept the civil-service security of permanent tenure at the U.N.; they must be approved by the Soviet government and are rotated home every two or three years. Furthermore, many of the new African staff members are hired on the recommendation of their own governments. It's quicker and easier that way, and assures that the governments will be satisfied. While serving at the U.N. they would hardly jeopardize their future at home by opposing their own governments.

Staff members who have cultivated a sense of detachment and deep commitment to the U.N. through years of service have in recent months become acutely aware of their nationalities. Job seekers from the United States and Western Europe are discouraged. Western staff members find themselves passed over for promotion in favor of Africans and Asians. A senior press liaison officer with a decade of service to his credit and fluency in half a dozen languages resigns because he fears transfer to some distant information center to make way for African trainees. A French economist retires several years early and tells a friend: "This place belongs to the Afro-Asians now. Let's see how well they can run it." Separating the justified complaints from the gripes may be impossible, but both demonstrate increasing demoralization within the secretariat.

THE DIVISIVE SENSE of national rivalry can perhaps be best understood by examining the figures on the secretariat's 1,390 established professional posts. They have been fixed at that figure by a combination of Communist policy and penny-pinching economy. Relatively few new positions (not counting temporary Congo posts) have been approved since 1954, despite doubled membership and new responsibilities in Africa and the Middle East. Thus there is little room for free riders. U Thant warned of this in July when he said that the staff was being strained beyond its limits: "Such a situation cannot continue without a serious breakdown of the standards of performance." The situation is not new. Last fall Controller Bruce Turner told the Fifth Committee: "Only by a miracle of administration, by overworking an overloaded staff, has the U.N. been able to accomplish what it has."

Before Khrushchev's attack, the personnel office had been making a quiet but steady effort to raise the new nations and the Communists to "desirable levels." But during the

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past year, special job recruiters have gone out to Africa and the Communist countries. The number of Communist-bloc staff members has risen from 122 to 132 in one year. The total of Africans went up from forty to fifty-two staff members. The Americans adjusted downward to 368 (or three less than a year before) and Western Europeans to 383 (or four less). To be sure, these two areas are within the range of their quotas, and even the governments in these areas agree that the Communists should be too, if only to stop their attacks on the secretariat.

When he became acting secretary-general, U Thant told his first news conference he regarded "reorganizing" the secretariat's geographical setup as a major task. But the Assembly could not decide on new guidelines for him. The United States proposed passing the problem to him for a year's breathing space in the old leave-it-to-Dag tradition. The neutralists proposed a minimum of five secretariat jobs for citizens of each small country. The Russians refused to support this after they discovered it would cut down on Communist representation. "It's against our interests," Soviet Delegate A. A. Roshchin told them bluntly, and voted with the West to kill their proposal. All sides were so agitated that no resolution at all was passed.

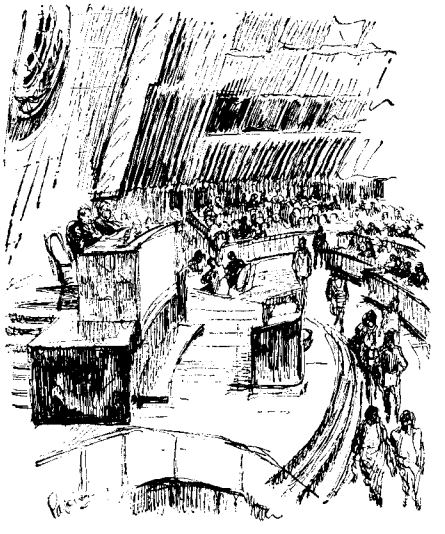
'You Have to Be More Cautious'

The absence of clear directives has allowed the Communists and neutralists to keep up the pressure for more and more jobs. By doing so, the Russians in particular can accomplish more than by agreeing to an equitable solution and shutting up. They have conducted their campaign on two fronts: persistent public needling and private requests by the Soviet delegation for key secretariat jobs. Last year they demanded a minimum of fifty more jobs for Russians, ten of them near the top.

This year the Russians raised the ante. They gave U Thant a list of eighty jobs, half in the top ranks, and specified the particular ones they wanted. Almost all were held by Europeans or Americans. Not one of the jobs was held by a staff member *from a neutralist country*. The lesson is quite obvious: U Thant can decrease his vulnerability to Soviet attack by hiring and keeping neutralists and easing out experienced Westerners. The Russians, like all politicians, know full well the advantages of being able to remind a man and his friends that they got him his job.

The effect of all these maneuvers on morale can be measured in the scornful way secretariat veterans have of referring to "political appointees." The toll in efficiency may be measured in this comment from a section chief: "I can tell another American that his idea for some project is no damn good, and that's that. But people from the new countries tend to be intensely sensitive, and it may take hours or days to tell them the same thing. You have to be more cautious."

In the area of administration, the Russians have made two major



requests and are likely to insist on them, though perhaps not right away. One was for the post of deputy personnel director, the job now held by Laurence Michelmore, an American. The other was for a new post as deputy chief of the internal audit service, which checks the U.N.'s receipted bills. With a Russian in this job, Moscow could tighten the reins on U Thant in a way it was unable to do with Hammarskjöld. When the list of job requests is tallied up, it pretty much covers the waterfront, including officials in the legal office, public information, conference service, and all the secretariat's major divisions, with a heavy concentration in technical assistance—the one field where the U.N.'s executive authority has been an unchallenged success.

No one, least of all the Russians, seriously expects all these demands to be fulfilled completely, although more Russians already are being hired. It seems obvious that the list was presented, just like Khrushchev's original troika proposals, as much for bargaining purposes and shock value as anything else. For example, Moscow would no more believe U Thant likely to bow to its demand and pick a Russian as his chief disarmament adviser than it would expect him to be foolish enough to name an American. Hammarskjöld had an Indian in the post; the Russians want to keep it that way. U Thant has already told Zorin that he will stand by the principles of the charter in recruiting the best people he can find. But the battle is just beginning, and the result of all this maneuvering is less liable to be sudden collapse than slow erosion of vitality.

What the Russians Want

The most pervasive result of these pressures is likely to be far more subtle than figures can indicate. Try to imagine the feelings of officials I have spoken to who, arriving at work one morning, learn that the Russians are after their jobs. Will one official have second thoughts about proposing a survey of hydroelectric potentialities in some underdeveloped country when he knows the Russians are about to make the government an offer of some less practical but more grandiose power scheme? Will another decide that he'd better not hire that experienced British ex-colonial official but instead select a less qualified but politically safer applicant from Ghana? Will another walk down the hall and solicit the opinion of a new Russian subordinate on the proofs of a new information pamphlet? Some men would consult their consciences at this point and decide that when they have to ask themselves such questions, it's time to resign. More, I think, would realize that the world they live in is a political one and decide to adjust to it. Caution is a trait native to bureaucracies everywhere. Add to this the ingrained habits of conciliation and compromise that are the basic equipment of any U.N. official, and the organization may find itself bending imperceptibly toward ac-

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commodation. The Soviet goal, after all, is not necessarily to make the U.N. a Soviet instrument, but to prevent it from acting as the instrument of any policy Moscow will not accept.

IT IS practically impossible nowadays to find anyone at U.N. Headquarters who seriously believes that in the future the U.N. can even attempt to fill such political vacuums as the Congo with the speed and determination of the man who could work twenty-four hours in his top-floor office telephoning statesmen, generals, diplomats, and bureaucrats in dozens of capitals for military, financial, and political commitments that were often given as personal tribute. That was the fatal flaw in Hammarskjöld's method. Only his personality held the Congo operation together at the start. His death set loose a complex of divisive national forces that had been building up within the secretariat. His successor, who is already two-thirds through a seventeen-month term, has been robbed of the time and stripped of the power to contain them. No nation or bloc of nations—let alone a single man—can revive an organization founded on the ideal of a broad base of international consent. And that consent, as well as the cash to back it up, is becoming increasingly hard to find.

If Moscow agrees to a full five-year term for U Thant, it will undoubtedly start out by demanding maximum concessions—most of them in the form of commitments on the make-up and structure of the secretariat. Many of these commitments will take the form of gestures to the new nations, which hence may be extremely reluctant to oppose the Soviet package. And of course the Russians can always resume their stonewalling tactics and refuse either to reject or approve U Thant outright, thus leaving him dangling in office for an undetermined time with the gelded and ironic title of "acting secretary-general." But even if the neutralists are strong or determined enough—as they have not been before—to force Moscow into yielding, U Thant's indebtedness may be such that the independence of his office will remain open to question in the West. And this, we must realize, is exactly what the Russians want.

Transformation South of Rome

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

TWELVE YEARS have passed since the Italian government set out to reclaim the land and people of its economically depressed southern provinces. At the outset the problems seemed appalling, the prospects limited, and the expense—an estimated $2 billion—a heavy burden for a country that was poor itself in those days. Nevertheless, the work has gone on; and while the problems are still appalling and the expense has greatly increased—$12 billion spent so far—the prospects have improved. The south hasn't yet caught up with the industrial north; it probably is further than ever behind that prosperous region. But it is richer today than all Italy was in 1950, and it has at least an even chance now of achieving a viable economy by 1970.

To anyone familiar with the great derelict lands lying south of Rome, the change in barely a dozen years is stunning. In 1950, southern Italy was still pretty much what a millennium of negligent absentee rule had made it: a ruin of lunar hills and ravaged valleys, with few roads, fewer dams and bridges, very little water, no industry to speak of, a population sunk in torpor, and a soil so exhausted that the peasants' only escape from misery was emigration. Today, the roads have become passable, and the lunar landscape is relieved by thick belts of green—sapling pines, orchards, vegetable beds, luxuriant grapevines under hothouse glass. Instead of leaving Italy, today's migrants move to new jobs in the north. Throughout Apulia, Lucania, and Calabria, the most wretched hilltop villages have acquired drinking water, sewers, and electric lights, while some of the larger towns and cities are barely recognizable.

IN MATERA, the notorious Sassi (cave dwellings) are about to be declared a national monument: their twenty-two thousand former residents have moved into ugly but hygienic modern apartments. In the Lucanian village of Policoro, the peasants who once tilled Baron Giulio Berlingieri's fifty-seven thousand acres and slept in his stalls now own his land and live in four-room cottages with bathrooms, refrigerators, television sets, and occasionally a Vespa or ramshackle Fiat to replace the family donkey; many work in the new automated sugar mills and canning factories just down the macadam highway; and the local population has grown from four hundred to ten thousand. In Bari, the waterfront is lined with derricks to prepare the foundations for an industrial zone that will soon turn out trailers, rolling stock, tires, shoes, canned goods, and plastics, while an immense housing project rears up out of the olive groves beyond. In the nearby port of Brindisi, a new petrochemical plant is spreading over an area twice the city's size, and the southermost port of Taranto is ringed with the elements of a steel-

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making complex that will be the biggest of its kind in Europe.

While this growth may be striking, it is uneven and is far from adequate for the needs of the region. Even now, the south's nineteen million people, well over a third of the national population, account for only a fourth of Italy's consumption and a fifth of the production; its agricultural yield is forty per cent lower than the north's (which has three times the south's ratio of tractors); and its average annual income is only $450—a lot better than in Spain or Portugal, but only half the north's $900. Furthermore, where the southerner's income has doubled in the last ten years, the northern increase has been 120 per cent. Lately, however, a more encouraging statistic has been registered. Last year, the south's income rose faster than the north's (13.6 per cent compared to 8.9 per cent). This is the first sign that the south is beginning to reap the dividends of the prodigious government investment.

Spreading the Miracle

Economists have felt all along that there wasn't much use in trying merely to make the individual southerner's life temporarily more bearable. Partial remedies have been applied time and again, only to end in a relapse. The only lasting cure, they have argued, would be to lift the entire region up to something approaching the national levels of production and purchasing power, making it a self-supporting part of the economy rather than a permanent ward of the state. No government has had the means to do that in the past, including the late Alcide De Gasperi's. In 1950 he saw the need and initiated the first postwar development plan. Though his resources were limited, he gave land and credit to peasants on the verge of revolution; built the most urgently needed roads, dams, hospitals, houses, and schools; and developed local handcrafts and tourism. Then the northern miracle happened. Capital became more plentiful, the Common Market came into being, and the south emerged so quickly from its traditional languor that a more ambitious plan became not only desirable and possible but imperative.

Naturally, a good deal of the old southern mentality remains. But where government agencies continue to meet occasional passive resistance, they also encounter leaders and communities keenly responsive to their plans. Their ablest administrators and technicians today are local men; scores of producing and marketing co-operatives are run by peasant members; and two-thirds of the region's new industries have been promoted and are now directed by southerners. Where the peasants once snatched their children from the third grade to work in the fields, they now are eager for more education: there has been such a rush to Lucania's high schools that doctors, lawyers, and engineers are pitching in as volunteer teachers. Above all, where the same peasants were resigned to a lifetime of drudgery, today they have acquired a taste for the fruits of the machine age. No longer are their dreams fulfilled when the title to two stony acres is placed in their hands. In the quest for more money, ease, leisure, and amusement, they are moving from the mountains to the plains, from hamlets to villages, from there to the towns, and then on to the cities, the provincial capitals, the north, and other countries of Western Europe. The problem is no longer how to satisfy their timeless craving for land but how to keep them on it.

Emigration has always been a useful outlet for the south, and the last thing the government wants at the moment is to stop it. If it weren't for cheap southern labor, the northern miracle could not have happened and could not last. Nevertheless, those who go are the cream of southern youth, leaving behind the old and infirm, the women, and those too lacking in enterprise to follow. In losing them, the south loses not only all the money it took to raise them—an estimated $3 billion for the two million who have emigrated in the last decade, half of them to the north—but all it has cost to coax fertility into the farms they are abandoning. Up to a point, this constant outward flow is helpful and even necessary, since it reduces the number of mouths that each southern acre must feed. But beyond that point, it could drain away the forces indispensable to a rational system of agriculture and industry, excluding the south from the Common Market's lucrative profits, and withdrawing it from the race to draw abreast of the twentieth century. With 380,000 southern workers going north in 1961 alone, the situation is serious already. If the northern boom continues, the south may have no more than two or three years to catch up with the rest of the country or face the failure of this great effort.

AWARE that there is not much time remaining, the center-left government of Premier Amintore Fanfani is working feverishly to formulate a master southern development plan. Though several cabinets had made a stab at something of the kind, as in the Vanoni Scheme of 1954, they were frustrated by the colossal amount of paper work and the monumental intricacies of the state bureaucracy. This one is no exception. By now, however, Budget Minister Ugo La Malfa has enough to go on for a rough draft of the strategy that should lead to self-generating growth for the south by 1970.

According to calculations made by the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno (Southern Fund), this can be achieved by raising industrial production, lowering farm costs, and developing the kind of crops, processing, and marketing techniques best suited for the Common Market. Specifically, the goals are: to reduce the south's present agricultural force by one million in the next eight years—leaving only a quarter of its workers employed on the land—with half a million going north and the other half absorbed by new local industry; to create 1,500,000 new non-agricultural jobs, so as to raise industrial production by 9.2 per cent a year; to further reduce unem-

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ployment by keeping children in school until the age of fourteen; and to double each farm worker's productivity so as to reach an annual average of $1,370, just under the present French level. All this will probably cost as much again in money and effort as southern reconstruction has cost up to now. It may succeed.

Italy's Bargain Basement

Whatever the weaknesses in the program so far, it has certainly made the south attractive for industrial investment. In the hands of various and often conflicting agencies—the Cassa, the Enti di Riforma (regional land-reform boards), the Consorzi Agrari (local reclamation committees), the ministries of agriculture, industry, health, education, and the budget—the work has been unco-ordinated, frequently wasteful, and sometimes conspicuously shortsighted. The Taranto steel complex, for instance, will soon be using all the water that has just been laboriously channeled to irrigate the outlying countryside, while the whole network of facilities to supply Bari's industrial zone—conduits, electric and telephone cables, roads, railroad sidings—is already inadequate for the factories being built there. But the fact that so many factories *are* being built there shows that the attraction exists. The question at this stage is where to find the capital for more.

A good deal of capital is ready to hand. Under the existing law, all state-owned industries in Italy, such as ENI (oil, gas, petrochemicals, fertilizer, rubber) and IRI (a tenth of the nation's industries, including shipbuilding and steel), must place forty per cent of their investments in the south. Each has made immense contributions. For example, IRI has built the Taranto steel mill, which already has enough orders to pay for itself in record time, while ENI has put up a mammoth petrochemical plant in Gela, Sicily, and is constructing another near Matera to exploit the vast fields of natural gas it has found there. Between them, these groups have invested well over half a billion dollars in the south since 1959, and expect to spend three times as much by 1965.

Private capital has been following much more slowly. Until not long ago, almost any northern industrialist would have quailed at the idea of opening a factory in the south, where the trains were of nineteenth-century vintage, the electric power (if available) often failed, the telephones were maddening, the local society hopelessly provincial, and the workers illiterate. But now they have learned to see the region as a good place for investment. For one thing, they have been getting along well for some time with these workers: half the north's labor force is southern. For another, the facilities are demonstrably improving. Where the government's efforts to create an industrial environment used to be dispersed, they are concentrated this year in four large "poles" and several smaller "areas" of development, the better to offer manufacturers every kind of service from fuel and transport to manpower training. Several big northern companies such as Montecatini, Ceramica Pozzo, and Olivetti have opened southern branches without calamity, and many others might be tempted.

Industrial congestion in the Milan-Turin-Bologna triangle has become so troublesome that the miracle has already spread southward to most of central Italy—where the peasants can't be kept down on the farm, either—and there are quite a few attractions to lure it farther south. No region in Italy can match the

south for cheap land, tax exemptions and rebates, concessions, write-offs, easy and generous government-backed loans, and a plentiful supply of labor. Added to that is the gradual realization that the southerners are picking up enough money to buy things, thus providing a useful outlet for industrialists anxious to reduce unit costs by expanding production, as Common Market competition requires.

All in all, therefore, the industrial outlook is promising. In agriculture, on the other hand, the going may be tougher. There the stakes are high indeed. The demand in the Common Market for many farm items—fruit, fats, oils—is already greater than the supply, and these are the things the south can produce best. But in Italy as a whole, the production derived from a dollar invested in agricultural labor can be equaled for seventy-five cents in France, fifty cents in Germany, thirty cents in Holland, and seventeen cents in Belgium; and the south's yield is lower still. If productivity can be jacked up fairly quickly, there will be a bonanza. If not, there will be serious consequences in the Common Market and for all of Italy.

AGRARIAN EXPERTS have no illusions about a magic transformation. The south will need practically everything in massive quantities to improve its yield, including tractors and other farm machinery, fertilizer, better varieties of seed, more aqueducts and the water to fill them, modern refrigerating, canning, and shipping facilities—an over-all investment of something like $3.5 billion. The problem, however, isn't simply one of financing. While the south's feudal structure has vanished, the heritage lingers, especially among older peasants eternally suspicious of change; and while a social purpose may have been served in fracturing the great old estates into tiny fragments, the results are not always economically ideal. It will be a long while before millions of small landowners learn to alter their whole way of farming, and work successfully in co-operative teams.

Whether or not this can be done by 1970, or 1975—and whether or not Italy can find the money and strength to complete southern development by then—is still an open question. If the answer is "Yes," Italy's example will certainly be an inspiration for all those underdeveloped countries which have begun to doubt that a free society can redeem a seemingly doomed land without regimentation, forced labor, Stakhanovism, or iron dogma.

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Retraining the Unemployed: Little, Late, and Limping

JULIUS DUSCHA

"Four hundred thousand unemployed men and women," President Kennedy told the nation one evening in August, "are now receiving retraining so that they can find new work in new industries and new jobs." The retraining program, he noted, was one of the praiseworthy acts of a Congress that "has done more in the last eighteen months to combat the recession and strengthen the economy than any Congress since the end of the Secon World War." Mr. Kennedy went on to tell his radio and television audience about fifty-two-year-old George DeMartz of Carbon County, Pennsylvania. DeMartz, said the President, had lost his job in the coal mines but had found a new life as a welder after participating in "our retraining program."

The story of George DeMartz added a nice human touch to an otherwise rather dull speech, loaded with statistics designed to show why the President had decided not to ask Congress to reduce taxes this year.

Among the many Americans who were struck by the DeMartz story was Representative Charles E. Goodell (R., New York). As co-author of the retraining bill, Goodell knew that the program that the President said was already retraining 400,000 Americans had not even begun, because Congress had approved funds for it only the week before. "At this point," Goodell told the House three days later, "there are exactly zero people being retrained."

Representative Carl D. Perkins (D., Kentucky) disagreed with Goodell and said that the President was referring to retraining programs enacted by previous Congresses. This was also the explanation offered by the White House—Mr. DeMartz had studied welding under one of the small earlier programs—but privately administration officials conceded that Mr. Kennedy was indeed in error.

The Labor Department had told Walter W. Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who collected material for the no-tax-cut speech, that more than 400,000 unemployed workers would probably be trained for new jobs by the end of a three-year program approved by Congress last March. But, the department added, the program was not yet under way because of a four-month Congressional delay in providing appropriations. Somewhere between Heller's office and the final draft of Mr. Kennedy's address—apparently in the speech-writing office of Presidential aide Theodore C. Sorensen—a rather hopeful goal of 400,000 became, on paper, an accomplished fact.

Compounding the Delays

By prematurely claiming credit for an administration accomplishment, Mr. Kennedy inadvertently drew attention to another of his programs that is lagging because of faulty staff work within the Executive Branch as well as inept Democratic leadership on Capitol Hill.

Although there has never been much opposition among either Republicans or Democrats to a retraining program, it has taken more than eighteen months to get one started. (The first projects were finally approved early in September.) The story of the delays and frustrations that beset the program illustrates many of the shortcomings of the administration's relations with Congress and helps to explain why the legislative record of the Eighty-seventh Congress is so disappointing.

Late in 1959, state employment and education officials began to suggest that the Federal government provide funds to help retrain men whose skills had been replaced by machines or made obsolete by changing production and consumption patterns. Coal miners were the classic example. If an unemployed miner were ever again to find work, he would have to learn a new skill because machines were stripping jobs as well as coal from the mines.

The retraining proposal was included by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy (D., Minnesota) in a report issued early in 1960 on hearings that he had conducted on automation and unemployment. Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania) introduced a new retraining bill and Presidential candidate Kennedy picked up the idea as he campaigned in the depressed areas of West Virginia and other states.

Soon after Mr. Kennedy entered the White House in January, 1961, he asked Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg to draw up retraining legislation. Goldberg conferred with Senator Clark and others in Congress who were concerned about long-term unemployment.

The concept of a retraining program seemed simple enough. Surveys would be made to see what kind of jobs were open. Then training programs would be set up to provide workers for the jobs. To encourage the unemployed to take courses, the government would pay them the equivalent of unemployment compensation (the national average is now thirty-four dollars a week) while they took training that could last for as long as a year. Unemployment-compensation laws prohibit payments to men who are going to school; a man on the compensation rolls is supposed to be actively looking for a job.

As an approach to what the economists call structural unemployment, retraining seemed to have all of the prerequisites for speedy bureaucratic and Congressional approval. It fitted in perfectly with the conservative view that nothing is basically wrong with the economy that cannot be solved by getting capital and labor to the right place at the right time.

After several weeks of consultations between the Labor Department and members of Congress, a bill was finally drafted and sent to the Budget Bureau, where it stayed for two months. The Budget Bureau has become the Rules Committee of the Executive Branch. Instead of functioning merely as a clearinghouse for a Presidential program, the bureau more often is a bottle-

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neck. In the case of the retraining program, it was waylaid because a lower-echelon bureaucrat with a strong dislike for vocational educators wanted to write a bill that would leave all existing vocational education institutions out of the retraining program. The directors of public vocational high-school programs and of private training schools may indeed be behind the times, but their political power on Capitol Hill is such that their support was essential for the passage of retraining legislation.

The bill that finally emerged from the Budget Bureau included the vocational educators in the program. It provided for a four-year, $700-million program to retrain an estimated 700,000 persons. But the legislation was so loosely—even ungrammatically—drawn that its backers immediately became alarmed. "The bill seemed made to order for attacks by Halleck and Dirksen," one senator has since commented.

What concerned the proponents of the legislation were the broad grants of power it would have given to the Secretary of Labor. He could set up retraining schools where and as he desired—which presumably included desegregated institutions in the Deep South. Money would be given retrained workers so that they could move to cities and states where jobs were easier to find. Other undefined "qualified persons" in addition to the unemployed could be included in the program. No limit was set on subsistence and travel allowances. Youths from sixteen to twenty-one who had dropped out of school but had no work experience would be eligible. To some legislators this amounted to rewarding delinquent and shiftless youths with Federal scholarships while those who stayed in school had to pay their own way.

Once the legislation got to Congress late in May, 1961, hearings were promptly held by both the Senate and the House Labor Committees and bills were quickly approved. Before the end of August the Senate had passed its revised version of the administration's proposals by a comfortable two-to-one majority. To assure passage, Senator Clark, who managed the bill on the floor, persuaded the administration to drop its relocation proposals, which senators from the smaller and stagnant states regarded as an open invitation for pirating of workers and perhaps industry too. Clark also drastically tightened up the discretionary authority in the original bill and included a provision giving eligibility for retraining to persons on farms that brought in an annual cash income of less than $1,200.

Cautious Leadership

The bill that emerged was one that its Senate sponsors as well as administration lobbyists thought the House could quickly accept. The House Labor Committee, however, had approved only a two-year program, and had not made any of the changes that the Senate had, except for dropping the relocation proposals.

But it was August, the late Speaker Sam Rayburn was ill, the House

was becoming increasingly unpredictable, and the leadership decided it would be best to put over the retraining bill until 1962. The White House was jittery about what the unruly House was doing to the program and concurred in the decision to postpone action. And Representative Elmer J. Holland (D., Pennsylvania), the chairman of the House Labor subcommittee that was handling the retraining legislation, did not like the Senate amendments.

So retraining became the first priority in the House for the 1962 session and was approved late in February by an overwhelming vote of 354 to 62. The vote indicated that the White House as well as the House leadership had been needlessly cautious the summer before.

Representative Goodell, a Republican, proposed the amendments to the bill that assured its passage. "All Goodell did was to steal our amendments," one of Senator Clark's aides commented bitterly. But if the House leaders had been alert they would have realized that such amendments would have quickly pushed the legislation through the House in 1961.

A Senate-House conference committee promptly agreed on a three-year, $435-million program that was expected to retrain more than 400,000 workers and also provide limited on-the-job training for another 250,000. The legislation confined youth-training expenditures to five per cent of the program. It provided that youths be given only $20-a-week living allowances and be at least nineteen years old to qualify for training.

When the bill finally got to the White House early in March, more than a year after it had first become part of the President's program, Mr. Kennedy hailed it as "perhaps the most significant legislation in the area of employment since the historic Employment Act of 1946." He promised to "move promptly and vigorously to launch this program." Goldberg called the law "a powerful new weapon to alleviate long-term unemployment."

HOWEVER IMPORTANT the President may have considered the retraining program, it languished from March until late summer because the two most stubborn octogenarians on Capitol Hill, Senator Carl Hayden (D., Arizona) and Representative Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri), could not agree where their Appropriations Committee members should hold conferences to resolve differences between Senate and House bills. In midsummer a truce between Hayden and Cannon was finally arranged, appropriations bills began arriving at the White House, and early in August $70 million was provided for the first year of the retraining program. This is only enough money to retrain from 50,000 to 70,000 workers, which is far less than the first-year goal of 100,000 and not even one-sixth the number the President told the nation were already being retrained.

George DeMartz, the former coal miner singled out by Mr. Kennedy, had done some welding before and learned advanced techniques under the small retraining program run by the Area Redevelopment Administration. Only some 12,000 persons have been enrolled in this depressed-areas program. Of the 2,300 who had

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completed their ARA courses by the end of this June, only sixty per cent found jobs.

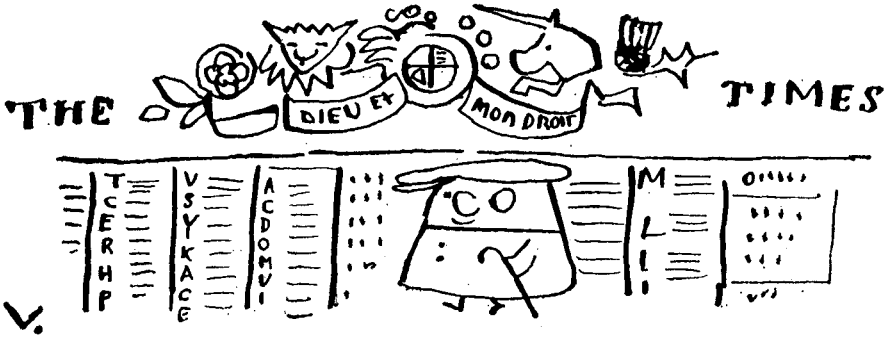
To be successful, of course, a retraining program must graduate workers into jobs. Under the limited ARA program, jobs have been easiest to find for welders and machine-tool operators. Other persons have been retrained as auto mechanics, machine operators, farm-equipment operators, and clerical workers.

The ARA program has been so limited that it will be at least a year before enough results will be in to indicate whether the new retraining program will help to reduce unemployment. But even if 70,000 men and women can be retrained by next June 30, this figure amounts to a tiny fraction of the nearly four million unemployed, 934,000 of whom have been out of work for at least fifteen weeks and 593,000 of whom have been unemployed for six months or more. Surveys have shown that it is among these long-term unemployed that the need for retraining is greatest.

ADVOCATES of retraining have been careful to warn that it is not a panacea for unemployment. The Labor Department and Health, Education and Welfare Department officials who will jointly administer the new program are aware of the difficulties encountered by other retraining projects in persuading middle-aged men to go back to school. Some of these problems stem from the inability of the men to read and write well enough to be auto mechanics, television repairmen, or supermarket clerks. (There are no provisions for basic reading and writing courses in the new retraining program.)

Yet so much attention has now been focused on the program by the President's mistake in his August speech and by the administration's new determination to get courses under way quickly that the retraining expectations have been accordingly increased. The expectations may soon turn to resentment if the slow-starting program fails to live up to the administration's superlatives. Then the White House may have reason to consider some retraining for its speechwriters and for the strategists who so badly misread the mood of Congress last summer.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Tortuous Thunderer

J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

TO ADEPTS of the crossword puzzles in *The Times* (by which is meant the journal published in London), such enigmas as "How to make aunty jaunty (8 letters)" or "Sauce that makes the kittiwake unnecessary (6 letters)" soon reveal themselves as POPINJAY and CATSUP. Juggling of letters and outrageous puns are the small but enjoyable skirmishes of their daily battles against the erudite wits who have now, for thirty-two years and ten thousand issues, teased, tormented, educated, and amused thousands of readers daily.

Crosswords, or word squares as they were first called, reached the eastern side of the Atlantic in 1924. Most daily and weekly papers were quick to publish them, but the cautious Old Lady of Printing House Square hung fire for years. In 1930 a Lieutenant-Commander Powell wrote to the editor, imploring him to publish at least one a week. Powell could not have known what he was starting; before long the puzzles were appearing daily. Ronald Carton, the aeronautical correspondent of the paper, was summoned to the editor's office and was told that he would, from then on, be crossword editor. During the next thirty years Carton edited nine thousand puzzles, of which he himself had composed a large number.

He soon established a style and a standard that was individually that of *The Times*. In Britain, that paper's crossword is "the crossword." Any other puzzle has to be defined by the name of the journal. It has been mentioned in books, plays, and films; it has been quoted in courts of law as a standard by which to rate the intelligence of a witness; a puzzle a day has been prescribed by at least one doctor; a man was charged, and fined nine shillings with a guinea costs, for cutting the crossword out of issues in a public library.

The pun, the topical or classical allusion, the subtle or the several meanings of a word, the long word taken apart and reassembled into its surprising components, the concealed anagram—these are the raw materials of the compiler. There are few straight definitions and, nowadays, hardly any straight anagrams, for it is part of the challenge of the compiler to present his clues as nearly as possible in the form of an ordinary innocent sentence. For example: "He makes children's cakes (7,7)"—CHARLES DICKENS.

TO TRIFLE with such verbal legerdemain was not considered desirable by all readers of *The Times*. While the paper was making up its dignified mind whether or not to plunge into the world of crosswords, many of its readers wrote to the editor expressing their views. A dignitary of the Church said: *"The Times* occupies a unique position and I am sure thousands are jealous of it being as-

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sociated for one moment with guessing contests." Another wrote: "Let me entreat you to keep *The Times* from puzzles of all sorts. Space is precious and prestige also." Those in favor, however, carried the day. Impressed by this act of apparent levity, the New York *Evening Post* commented: "The Thunderer, like everything else, has changed with time, and the *Evening Post* considers it such an event that it has republished here the first *Times* crossword puzzle." A veteran American solver took an hour and a quarter to complete it, compared with seven minutes for the regular *Post* puzzle.

Since February 1, 1930, no day has been missed, and there has been little change in style or presentation, except that from puzzle 1,034 onward the number of letters in each answer has been shown at the end of the clue. This innovation might appear to benefit all and harm none; yet an infuriated group of solvers in Somerset found that their enjoyment was quite ruined, as it had been their practice to do the puzzles as a "skeleton" on an unblanked sheet of 225 squares, after cutting out and discarding the published diagram. Now a knowledge of the length of each answer made their task too easy. The only other change has been the removal of the puzzle from the heart of the paper to the left-hand bottom corner of the back page, "with the result," confided one solver, "that it is no longer necessary to open the thing at all."

No one knows how many readers of *The Times* even attempt the crossword. Certainly it is rare to find a commuters' compartment on the morning train where some Top Person is not doing it. Some solvers work as a team, like the one whose members describe themselves in football terms thus:

(a) Centre-forward or clerk, who does most of the work, speaks French, and is unerring in spelling.

(b) Outside-right, expert in modern literature, anagrams, and farming terms.

(c) Outside-left, who is included only for the remains of a classical education and because he buys the paper.

The team has been looking for a centre-half who can recite the whole of Shakespeare's works.

Another commuter, who claimed that he invariably finished the puzzle in under ten minutes, told of his great pleasure, on completion, in folding the paper so as to present the puzzle upside down to the less gifted wretch on the opposite seat who was still wrestling with 1 across. One woman has reported that before the war her family used to order several copies of *The Times* so that they could have races—"a piece of extravagance," she added, "such as ultimately caused the downfall of the Roman Empire."

The late Provost of Eton, M. R. James, claimed that he timed the boiling of his breakfast egg—which he liked soft—by the minutes he took to do the crossword; but tests conducted by the present crossword editor have shown that it is not physically possible even to read out the clues and fill in the answers from the next day's issue in less than four or five minutes. Readers of *The Times* were skeptical of the claim, too, and one wrote: "I will say without hesitation that while the school may have been Eton, I am quite sure the egg wasn't." (Perhaps the only unfortunate result of addiction to this type of crossword is that solvers tend to become intolerable punsters.) My own theory is that the Provost committed the culinary solecism of putting his egg into cold water: trials have shown that an egg may still be soft after twelve minutes of cooking this way.

Prewar solvers are constantly writing to *The Times* nowadays to complain that the puzzles are not what they were in the old days. I find from the files that similar complaints have been lodged with great regularity for the last twenty-five years. Perhaps solvers are getting older, or maybe Eden Phillpotts hit this particular nail on the head when he wrote: "I find whenever anyone solves one from *The Times,* he says: 'By Jove, it must have been a clever chap who invented that'; when, however, the problem beats him he is heard to mumble: 'Dull, not worth doing.' "

WHO ARE these learned inquisitors, the compilers? *The Times* maintains a strict rule of anonymity about its staff, but it can be revealed that there are about five compilers at any one time, two of whom make up the bulk of the puzzles.

I have been informed by the present editor, about whom I may reveal only the fact that she is a lady, that the standards set by *The Times* do not allow any direct quotations from the Bible, nor any reference to s-x, nor names of living people (except obliquely), nor names of illnesses, in case a reader suffering from the one mentioned should be put off his pleasure in solving. For general questions of good taste, there has always been a light-hearted definition of an admissible joke as one that would be acceptable to the rectories of East Anglia and would still amuse the RAF messes.

The puzzle editor often gets letters from people who just cannot see the why and wherefore of a clue, even when they learn the answer. Sometimes these are preceded by a telegram such as: SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU POSTED LETTER THEN SAW LIGHT. Many have commented on the sudden flood of realization and clarity that engulfs one after wrestling with and finally solving a hard clue. As one reader observed, "If you get a word in *The Times,* you know it's right." The reliance solvers place on this unambiguity once prompted Sir Max Beerbohm to write privately to the editor:

"No doubt you, like most people, have sometimes thought of some utterly awful thing that you *could* do if you chose to, some disastrous and devastating thing the very thought of which has brought cold sweat to your brow? And you may have at some time thought: 'Suppose I released into the columns of *The Times,* one of these fine days, a Crossword Puzzle with clues signifying nothing—nothing whatsoever,' and may have hideously pictured to yourself the effect on all the educated parts of Great Britain?" Sir Max went on to visualize the scene in his club: "men with blank, set, fixed, pale, just-not-despairing faces, poring over the current issue—one of them perhaps rising unsteadily and lumbering out to the library and asking the librarian, 'Have we a Wordsworth concordance?' "

In a postcript, he observed: "The nightmare wouldn't be loathsomely complete unless a few of the clues

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were quite genuine—*and very simple,* so as to put solvers in good heart, and make them confident of success, and keep their shoulders to the wheel." The envelope contained precisely such a nightmare, and it was published in 1940. But the editor wisely decided to run no risk of the catastrophes forecast by the compiler, and published Sir Max's letter next to the so-called puzzle.

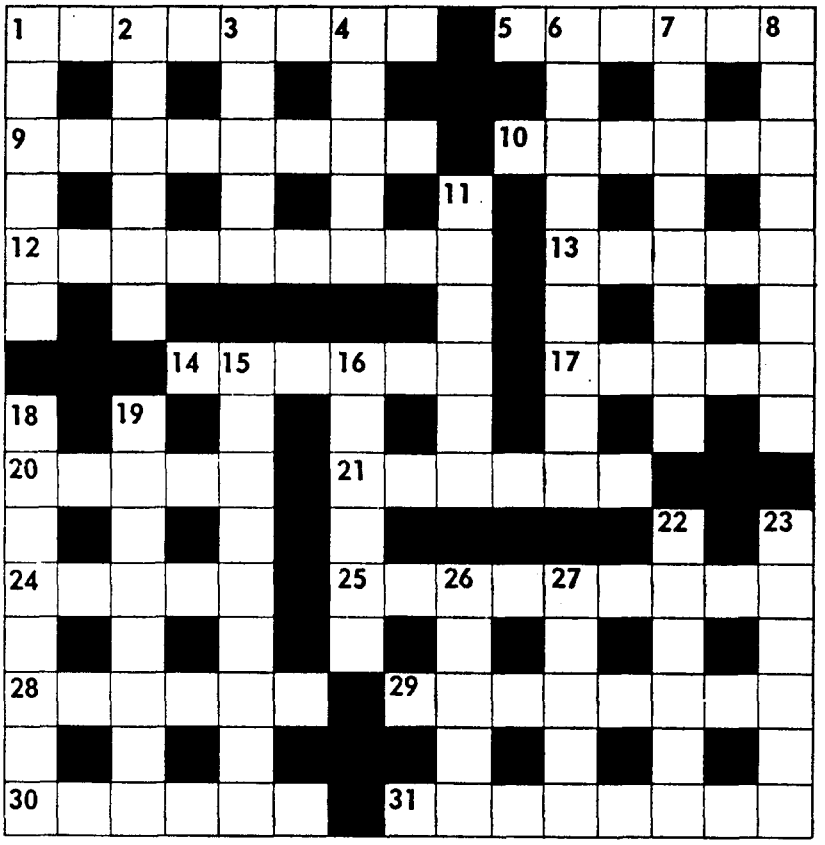
The crossword editor remembers another letter from a "charming man who has been writing to us for years." He always gives his age, and he's nearly ninety now. The other day he questioned the solution word OPSIMATH, which he couldn't find in his dictionary. "It was a delicate task," the editor recalled. "I had to write and tell him it meant 'learning late in life.'"

Not all readers solve the puzzle in a matter of minutes, and one wrote to the editor in great triumph recently because he had just completed the puzzle unaided for the first time in sixteen years. It is customary to disdain the use of reference books, although it may be permissible to verify the existence of an uncommon word. Speaking of books, incidentally, "What cooks do with books (5)" was once volunteered as a brilliant clue, one that had remained in the mind of a solver for twenty years, to the word RHYME.

JUST AS those outside the field can see no fun in the antics of bird watchers, matchbox collectors, or train buffs, so there is an abyss between those who do and those who do not enjoy the pun-and-anagram type of crossword. But I have found that even ardent crossword devotees among my American friends are frequently intimidated by *The Times* puzzle. To be sure, the ordinary British solver has a considerable edge on Americans simply because he is more familiar with the British abbreviations, such as RA, RE, MA, OBE, and MC, that are constantly turning up in clues, not to mention the plethora of technical terms from cricket and other indigenous games, from which few *Times* crosswords are free. In the adjacent columns, however, is a puzzle composed specially for *The Reporter* by the crossword editor of *The Times.* It is guaranteed to be free of cricketing terms.

A SAMPLE PUZZLE

Composed especially for readers of *The Reporter* by the crossword editor of *The Times* of London



CLUES: ACROSS

1, 20. Diverse topics of conversation for Alice and Henry (8,5)
5. Society girl? (6)
9. It becomes Route 9 (8)
10. Lethargy in which Proust is plunged (6)
12. A note of war from Mr. Blunden? (9)
13. Statesman who took root in America (5)
14. The inventor returns in a most unaffected manner (6)
17. 4 was one to make you laugh (5)
20. See 1.
21. "Yet e'en these bones from------ to protect" (Gray) (6)
24. Sick in the French city? (5)
25. Where to have a pretty mean time? (9)
28. Its inhabitants (though simple) were apparently adept at bringing home the bacon (6)
29. Fawn must be his favorite color! (8)
30. Watch that tape! (6)
31. Crowsfeet? Any tips for them? (8)

DOWN

1. Pen's mate, on an upturned cask (6)
2. Ponders darkly over all those children? (6)
3. The snake who sums it all up, perhaps (5)
4. It takes an age to get the Muse (5)
6. It's pretty smart to keep your eye here! (2,3,4)
7. Commander of the ship with debts is peevish (8)
8. Burgeoned in Brussels? (8)
11. The island can present a solemn aspect (6)
15. Hardy but novel remedies (9)
16. Drinks that Hamlet soliloquized over (6)
18. Empyrean, observed no doubt by the artist through his attic window (8)
19. Broken lay in a frolic is logical (8)
22. Falstaff's buddy can be quite spoilt (6)
23. Do they plow back the profits from them? (6)
26. Here dwelt one with a familiar spirit (5)
27. Appearing here shortly capital Transatlantic stuff (5)

(The solution will be found on page 50)

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The Final Festivalization Of New York City

DAN WAKEFIELD

IT HAS BECOME increasingly obvious in recent years that the problems of housing, crime, unemployment, graft, folk singing, hospitalization, traffic, and welfare in New York City have grown too large and complex to be solved by customary means of civic reform. After extended deliberation, a small committee of which I happen to be the chairman has decided that the time is ripe for us to come forward with a sweeping solution to the problems of the metropolis.

We have taken our cue from a familiar adage about New York, "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there." Why not, the committee members reasoned, turn the popular saying into reality by making the city a place where no one could live but everyone could visit? The committee accordingly envisions a long-range project designed to make New York a "festival" rather than a city. When the project is finally completed, there will be a festival director instead of a mayor and instead of inhabitants there will only be visitors.

My colleagues have concluded that the two main goals of the Festival Plan—making the city a place where no one could live and making it a place where everyone could visit—should be carried out simultaneously. Of course the city has already been moving toward both these goals, especially the first, but it may be necessary to accelerate and give direction to apparent trends.

IT IS CLEAR that the housing question must be tackled first. Obviously, a good deal of progress has already been made in this direction. In all areas of the city, buildings that once provided inexpensive, pleasant conditions for lower- and middle-income families are being torn down and replaced by new "luxury" apartments. These buildings are often criticized by New Yorkers who do not realize their potential usefulness under the Festiyal Plan. The small rooms, the low ceilings, the thin walls, the monotonous or garish façades, and the extremely high rents are not, as some people believe, a disadvantage. For the builders, as if anticipating our plan, have provided us with structures that only *resemble* apartment houses but are actually hotels. As more and more New Yorkers find them impossible to live in, these buildings are sure to lose their permanent tenants and can then be used to provide transient accommodations for the many festival visitors.

Another housing problem the festival planners faced was the existence of neighborhoods. Despite the poor condition of most of the city's apartment buildings, many New York residents maintain a sentimental attachment to their old neighborhood and do not wish to leave it. My committee would attack this problem through the creative use of more and more "housing projects." As we already know, such projects occupy large areas, and in order to build them it is necessary to tear down the familiar apartments, stores, theaters, and other landmarks that contribute to the character of a neighborhood.

The projects serve the further purpose of uprooting long-established families and shipping them to projects in other parts of the city where they are thoroughly unfamiliar with the surroundings and thus feel no sense of attachment. The occupants of the projects, like the tenants of the new luxury buildings, will eventually find them unlivable and evacuate. At this point it will be possible to convert the so-called projects into the establishments they resemble and were actually suited to be—prisons and mental hospitals. This admirable public service will help to allay the objections of liberals about the Festival Plan, for it is well known that New York City is sorely lacking in facilities for prisoners and mental patients. The Festival Plan seeks to satisfy all segments of public opinion.

The housing plan, which successfully accentuates and capitalizes on trends that are already under way in the city, is the key to making the city unlivable, and that is why my committee ascribes so much importance to it.

MUCH MORE fascinating, however, are the projects that fall under the second festival goal—making the city a place that everyone wants to visit. It is my feeling that the psychological phase of this goal was actually launched several years ago, even before my committee got down to work in earnest, with the slogan "New York Is a Summer Festival." Not only did this serve to attract tourists; it also helped prepare the inhabitants for the final festivalization of the city. As public opinion becomes increasingly receptive, it can easily be announced that "New York Is a Fall Festival," "a Winter Festival," and "a Spring Festival." Citizens will thus become gradually adjusted to the idea, and when the proclamation at last is made that "New York Is a Permanent Festival" rather than a city, it will be too late for protests and needless controversy. The end of the city will already be a *fête accompli*.

More important than the psychological preparation is the practical phase. Again making full use of the material at hand, the committee feels that a big step in the implementation of this phase was the announcement that New York City would hold a World's Fair in 1964. Since a world-wide organization in charge of authorizing such events had already recognized Seattle for the site of a World's Fair in 1962 and a number of member nations said they would abide by this decision and refuse to participate in the New York fair, the insistence on going ahead with it may have seemed illogical. But those of us who are attempting to implement the long-range Festival Plan can be thankful that the authorities went ahead anyway. For the World's Fair will enable the city to set up one of the numerous amusement areas needed for the Permanent Festival.

Another valuable addition to the festivalization process was begun

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Europe looks outwards

This is Europa at the foot of the Albert Memorial (1872), staring out at the strange world of nine decades later. In August THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT published an important number on the vast extension overseas of the English language and its literature which this century has seen. The issue dated September 21 fills out the picture with a further special number dealing both with the part played by other world languages, such as French and Spanish, and with the wider question of Europe's cultural influence in the world. The Commonwealth? Europe? Politically these may at the moment be rival conceptions, but so far as literature and ideas are concerned both are parts of a larger whole.

A dozen problems spring to mind. Is there a revival of Portuguese writing in BRAZIL to match the extraordinary achievements of modern Brazilian architecture? What is the relationship between Spanish literature and the countries of LATIN AMERICA? Can the French literary tradition survive in NORTH AFRICA and the MIDDLE EAST; and what is happening to French-language writing in CANADA, and to French negro writing in BLACK AFRICA and MADAGASCAR? How persistent is the European tradition in ISRAEL? What kind of picture of European literature is available in CHINA? What is the impact of European culture in AUSTRALIA today? Are European influences on the novel in the UNITED STATES as strong now as they were in the time of Melville and James; and is American English the *lingua franca* of the mid-twentieth century?

These are some of the questions which are analysed—and in some degree answered—in *'Europe Looks Outwards'*, a special number of

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O.R.

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several years ago with the opening of a pilot project called Freedomland. It is well known by now that Freedomland presented a new concept in amusement parks by offering rides, tours, and entertainment based on the history of the United States and involving the actual participation of the customers in such activities as riding a stagecoach that is fired on by Indians. This concept of historical amusement participation can readily become the foundation of the Permanent Festival. Various programs can be undertaken to emphasize the many colorful traditions and customs of the city, so that festival visitors may gain a firsthand or "living" knowledge of our once greatest metropolis.

THE VARIETY of these historic amusement-participation programs can be tremendous, and the titles and brief descriptions of only a few of them will suggest what delights await the festival visitors (and also indicate how creatively the planners have preserved the traditions of city life): "The Improper Bohemians," featuring an afternoon of lessons on the customer's choice of guitar or bongo drums, followed by a "wild" loft party during which everyone will become nauseated from drinking cheap wine; "Harlem Nocturne," a trip to an overpriced after-hours club in Harlem where customers will be arrested by simulated policemen in a simulated raid and taken back to their hotel rooms in a simulated paddy wagon; "Murder, Inc.," in which the customer will sit in a barber chair with lather on his face and be strafed by simulated machine-gun bullets (the price of the shave and haircut is included in the ticket for this event); and "The Best of Everything," a day's work for young girl college graduates in a simulated publishing house where they will read simulated manuscripts, eat a cream cheese and olive sandwich for lunch at Schrafft's, and be taken out for martinis after work by simulated married men.

The possibilities are tremendous. Once we face the fact that New York simply won't work as a city, we can really begin to turn it into something of which all Americans can be proud. «»

MOVIES

Good-by, Galatea

JAY JACOBS

I WAS A FAN of Marilyn Monroe's only in an abstract sort of way. The mention of her name invariably produced the expected conditioned reflex, but I rarely bothered to go to her films. I saw her on the screen just twice before her death, and am disturbed by having been totally unaware of being in the presence of something special the first time. The picture was *The Asphalt Jungle,* and Marilyn had a small part that, according to the folklore of the next decade, stole the show and my heart away. I do remember being stirred somewhat during the course of the film by a pubescent blonde who danced for a frenzied moment to the blare of a roadhouse jukebox; but Marilyn (I learned several years later) wasn't she—and, for all I know, the blonde I liked was never heard of again.

The next time I saw Marilyn, in *Some Like It Hot,* I had fairly good idea of what to look for, despite the efforts of Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon to confuse me, and wasn't fooled for a moment. *They* were the men dressed in women's clothes, *she* was the little girl in the woman's body. And what a wondrously wrought confection she was! Glazed and flawless and hollow, like a Dresden porcelain. A plastic woman. A living doll. A better thing for better loving through chemistry. Hollywood's own Galatea: the sweatless, odorless, seamless, runless emblem of desire, divested of all carnal associations. The all-American mid-twentieth-century status symbol: the have-able, eatable cake of our dreams, equally wanted by the home-run king, the money-making intellectual, and me. And if I could never quite see the difference between the famous calendar photo and a slick-magazine Cadillac ad, it hardly mattered. I coveted both objects in the same way.

And so did we all. And we'll all survive without the living doll, just as we'll all learn to get along without Hollywood itself—that other bright extravagant dream that died unfulfilled. In fact, the only wholly American problem we may have left is finding a way to live with the knowledge that a beautiful blonde can crawl off alone to die, like a sick cat, on a Saturday night in the prime of her life and our times.

AN OLD THEORY of mine received further corroboration when all four principals in *Long Day's Journey into Night* were given acting awards at the latest Cannes film festival. The theory, briefly summarized, is: all else being equal, an actor will impress in inverse ratio to his audience's comprehension of his working tongue. For example, British actors generally strike me as only slightly more credible than their American colleagues. French, however, is a language I have only half assimilated, and therefore most Gallic performers seem to me about twice as efficient as most Americans, and, say, forty-six per cent better than most Britons. The Italians, whom I understand hardly at all, impress me much more favorably than do the French; and so it goes until we come to the Japanese, of whose tongue I know about three words, and with whose acting I am as pleased as I can hope to be —at least until someone imports a film in Tagalog or Bangala-Bobangi. I don't mean to suggest that Katharine Hepburn, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dean Stockwell, and Jason Robards, Jr., are very bad as the driven members of Eugene O'Neill's essay in togetherness. On the other hand, they're not very good, either, and the only plausible explanation I can find for the honors they've reaped on the Riviera is a European jury's inability to differentiate between the natural and unnatural utterance of Americans.

As for the picture itself, it is a classic example of Hollywood's

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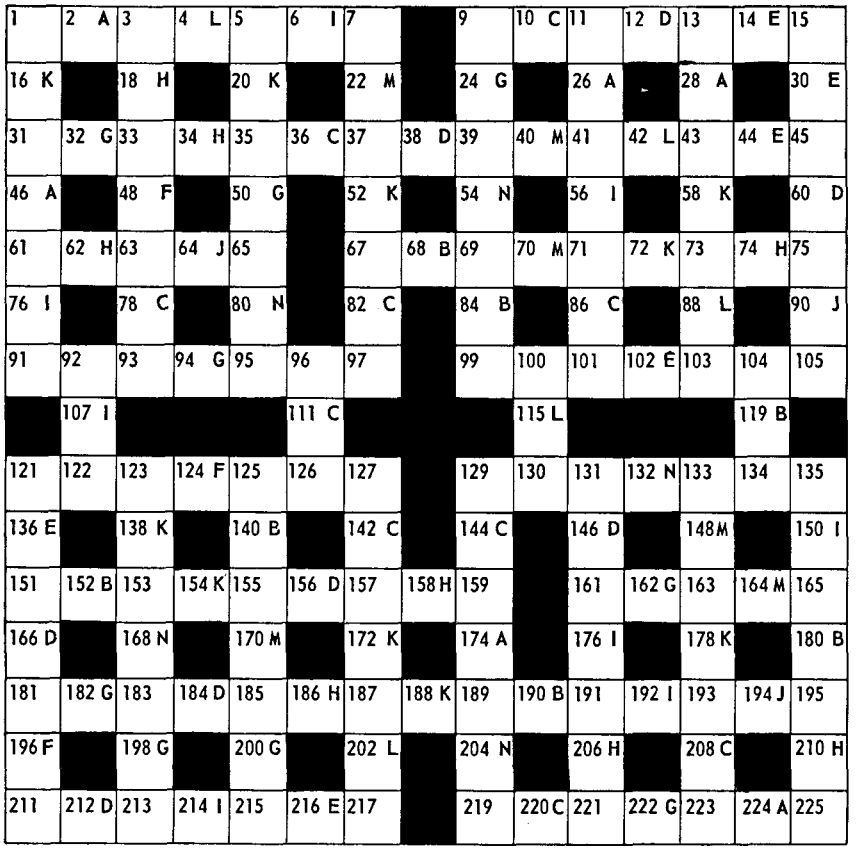
THE REPORTER

Acrostickler® No. 62

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A. 28 2 26 174 46 224 The family name of the principal characters in "Pride and Prejudice."

B. 152 149 190 84 68 119 180 "The_____dearth Of noble natures." Keats, "Endymion."

C. 208 82 78 142 111 144 10 220 36 86 Destination of the low road and the high road in the song (4,6).

D. 38 166 184 12 212 60 156 146 Of late; recently.

E. 102 44 14 136 216 30 To detain a combatant in a neutral country in time of war.

F. 196 48 124 "Palsied_____." Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

G. 198 182 32 200 94 24 50 222 162 "And bishops in their____s..." Gilbert, "The Gondoliers" (6,3).

H. 18 34 74 210 206 186 158 62 A place of confinement for a certain water animal (5,3).

I. 107 56 176 214 6 150 192 76 Allow to collapse (3,5).

J. 90 194 64 "Blind unbelief is sure to____." Cowper, "Olney Hymns."

K. 20 172 138 178 72 188 58 16 52 154 What vegetarians do (5,5).

L. 4 115 88 202 42 The row of warp threads left on a loom when the web is cut off.

M. 70 22 40 170 148 164 To develop gradually; to unfold.

N. 54 168 204 80 132 "The dust and silence of the upper_____:' Macaulay, "Literary Essays Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review.'" "Milton."

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ACROSS

1. The crawler may go over the paving stone with a little reputation first.
9. Ape? Give it meat, I say.
31. Something achieved often by the Acrostician and subsequently regretted (6,9).
61. Harden up in the outer universe.
67. I'm founder of Philadelphia and dined on an order of flightless birds.
91. Include if you consider evil (4,3).
99. Noses I'd be in with what neutralists take (2,5).
121. A sleeping place does for the dramatist.
129. A little beginning of 121 across keeps from ease.
151. The cardinal is wealthy at first.
161. Guide cattle.
181. Famous cocktail lounge is the superior part of the target? (3,3,2,3,4).
211. The sweet will leave if you try to save a shilling.
219. A kingly payment for an author?

DOWN

1. Take the price and French paper for payment.
3. A meal where you find the top about fortune.
5. I'm in Sheol with equal sunshine lines.
7. Eva's particle is an escape.
9. Unspill what might be said of an inexperienced spider's web (3,4).
11. Means, not averages, send tin.
13. The third man begins this French philosopher.
15. Courses, mostly large plants.
92. Beverage found up in the middle of 13 down.
96. O'Neill play I'll see, I'll hear, rather.
100. When I join, the exclamation becomes a state, but not of mind.
104. Antony borrowed several in fear and trembling.
121. The Venerable writer swallows a rodent and was dressed down.
123. Scud! She said "Pig!" to Alice.
125. Characteristic of monogamy or tennis? (3,4).
127. Tell the sailor to get a job, or is the vessel gone? (4,3).
129. Peerer against?
131. My tyres are a problem.
133. Including everything, but work clothes when plural.
135. A jailor loses a point to become a bird.

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chronic obliviousness to the unique demands of the film medium, and a grinding three-hour-long bore. The staged version of *Long Day's Journey* struck me as being windy and repetitious, but dynamic withal. Unfortunately, the dynamics of the legitimate theater (which are preeminently a matter of language, as opposed to the cinema's movement) are not transferable to the screen when the static physical structure of the theater is retained. The filmed version of *Long Day's Journey* thrashes around ponderously at first, and then stretches out at grotesque length, gray and inert, like a whale hauled bodily from its natural element.

IN HAPPY CONTRAST to such sterile enterprises (and perhaps in further support of my theory of linguistics), a number of recent films from abroad seem as fresh as though each of their directors had just independently invented the motion picture. *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, for one, is a free adaptation in modern dress of Balzac's tales *L'Histoire des Treize*. Predictably, it doesn't make the transition from one century to another without some bumpy going along the way. These days it is difficult to take seriously a matter like the systematic seduction of maidens by a clandestine society of masked roués; and however timeless Balzac's major works may be, some of his minor efforts do not lend themselves well to a world in which the publicists of *haute couture* flit from bed to bed in white convertibles, and from Paris to Innsbruck in jet transports. Nevertheless, once we get past the first ten minutes or so of the film and reconcile ourselves to a token plot (which despite its contemporary twists remains as anachronistic as an antimacassar on a Saarinen chair), we are left with what should be nonsense but turns out to be an illuminating, intensely moving probe of the states of mind accompanying love and infatuation in their licit and illicit guises. Much of this probe is carried on almost exclusively by the camera, under the extremely sensitive direction of J. G. Albicocco; and much of it is just what a movie should be: an altogether nonliterary exercise that seeks out just what is inherently discoverable to the camera itself, and no more.

AS FAR AS I'm concerned, the most engrossing director around these days is the young Frenchman François Truffaut; and of the three films he has exported to date, *Shoot the Piano Player* is his more arresting job. Like *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, Alain Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad*, and Truffaut's own *Jules and Jim*, each of which attempts to surmount an outrageous, negligible, or even nonexistent plot, the film is based on nothing more substantial than its director's respect for the integrity of his own craft, and a determination to rid the cinema of the literary, theatrical, and filmic conventions that have plagued it for a generation. Unlike most of the "New Wave" directors, though, Truffaut oscillates continually from mood to mood, from tragedy to farce and poignancy to slapstick, repeatedly pulling rugs out from under his actors and blithely sticking pins into his own exquisitely constructed soap bubbles.

Shoot the Piano Player is a totally unbelievable melodrama in which a former concert pianist, now reduced to pounding out honky-tonk music, gets himself enmeshed in the wildly disparate plots of six or seven other movies. Each incident along the way is a dead-panned parody of one stock movie situation or another, and the commonplaces of filmmaking keep piling up until the picture might be taken to be the definitive anthology of film clichés. But the clichés are used so knowingly and juxtaposed so brilliantly that we are hardly aware, until it's all over, of having seen them all before—and even then we aren't quite sure. It's as though Truffaut were simultaneously showing us what has been and can be done with the same material. And, while the calculated artificiality of the whole affair renders it unbelievable in the generally accepted frames of reference (the film resembles nobody's notion of either life or art), it has, taken on its own terms, a reality that seldom informs the screen: the reality of art that is in no way imitative, but wholly creative.

Truffaut's choice of Charles Aznavour as the piano player is as inspired as anything else in the film. Aznavour, who is as homely, engaging, and French as a country *pot-au-feu*, also happens to be as pure a screen actor in his own way as Buster Keaton or Laurel and Hardy were, back in the days before Hollywood came to the conclusion that ability was the natural result of publicity. «»

RECORD NOTES

PROKOFIEV: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3. Byron Janis, piano; Moscow Philharmonic, Kyril Kondrashin, conducting. (*Mercury* MG 50300, *mono* $4.98; SR 90300, *stereo* $5.98.)

A few months ago, after years of negotiation, Mercury finally obtained what every recording company in the West has been after since the post-Stalin thaw: an invitation to set up shop in the Soviet Union with its own equipment, engineers, and musical staff. The first result is now at hand, and it offers incontrovertible evidence that the Soviets still have a good deal to learn about stereo recording, no matter what their expertise in matters cosmological. Nothing comparable to this has ever come from the worthy technicians of Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, an agency that purveys microgrooves by the millions to the Russian citizenry. Here, for the first time, is a made-in-Moscow recording with all the presence, detail, and dynamics that we normally associate with the better productions of Vienna, London, or Chicago. The performance of the waggish and wistful Prokofiev concerto is something very special too. Byron Janis plays the solo part as his onetime teacher Horowitz might, with tremendous nervous excitement and drive, and conductor Kondrashin shapes the accompaniment with an equal regard for precision and poetry. Admittedly, the Moscow Philharmonic is not the world's most plushly upholstered orchestra, but it performs with vitality, and the nasal sound of its woodwinds seems pecu-

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liarly well suited to the composer's wry melodies. I should have preferred something other than Rachmaninoff's flavorless First Piano Concerto on the reverse side.

PUCCINI: LA BOHEME. Anna Moffo, Mary Costa, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, *et al.*; Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera House, Erich Leinsdorf, conducting. (*RCA Victor* LM 6095, *mono* $9.98; LSC 6095, *stereo* $11.98; *two records.*)

Two full-length recordings of *La Bohème* can already be found in the RCA Victor catalogue—one conducted with surging eloquence and passion by Arturo Toscanini (who presided over the first performance of the opera in 1896), the other conducted with genial expansiveness and finely nuanced elegance by Sir Thomas Beecham. Both, moreover, are impressively cast—Toscanini's with Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce when each was in optimum vocal estate, Beecham's with Victoria de los Angeles and Jussi Bjoerling. Alas, neither Toscanini nor Beecham had the benefit of stereo, with the result that RCA has been forced to spend some $50,000 on yet another recording of the opera. The investment may well turn out to have been a wise one. The sound effects are marvelously well contrived, and cash customers who can be impressed with the jingling of Mimi's key dropping on Rodolfo's floor or with the cross-stage movement of street urchins in front of the Café Momus probably outnumber those who can be impressed with purely musical values. Technics aside, however, RCA's third *Bohème* does not rise to the inspired level of the earlier versions. This is a good performance, appealingly sung, knowledgeably conducted, and certainly several notches above repertory routine. But why settle for stereo at the expense of genius?

WAGNER: SIEGFRIED IDYLL. Members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conducting. (*Angel B* 3626, *mono* $9.98; SB 3626, *stereo* $11.98; *two records.*)

Program notes on the *Siegfried Idyll* invariably recount the circumstances of its first performance—how a small group of instrumentalists gathered at Wagner's villa near Lucerne on Christmas Day 1870, grouped themselves on the stairs leading to the

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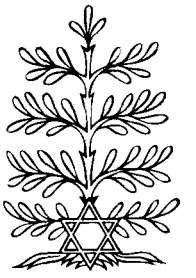

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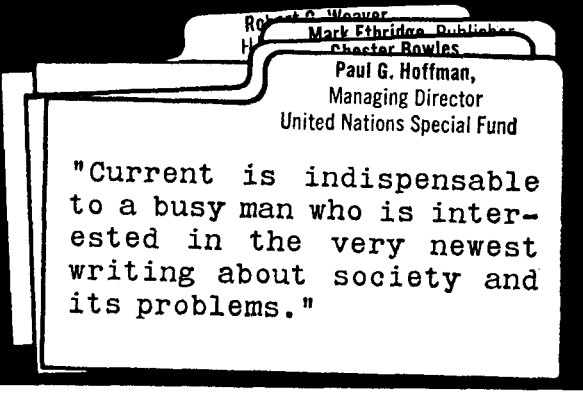
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upper floor, and played the piece as a birthday surprise for the composer's wife, Cosima. What the annotations fail to say is that we almost never hear this music as Cosima experienced it then. The *Siegfried Idyll* is now customarily performed by full-sized Wagnerian orchestras in halls many times the size of Villa Triebschen, with consequent inflation of the music's proportions. The great merit of this new recording by Otto Klemperer is that it restores to the work the small-scale instrumentation and intimate acoustic ambiance of its original performance. The effect is astonishingly different from the usual orchestral rendition: more delicate in texture, more serenely contemplative, more caressing in mood—in short, more idyllic. Even so small a detail as the first entrance of the double bass in measure 19 takes on fresh significance, and such things as the contrapuntal interplay of woodwinds and strings beginning at measure 201 are heard here with new and beguiling clarity. Part of the credit should go to Angel's technical staff for the broad-spread, closely microphoned stereo recording, and even more to the conductor for his adroit sense of balance and rigorous beat.

Fortunately or not (according to the tastes and prejudices of the listener), the chamber-orchestra *Siegfried Idyll* occupies the "filler" side of a two-record album primarily devoted to Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. As a previously intransigent anti-Brucknerian, I confess to having been both dazzled and moved by this taut and notably unbombastic recorded performance. Never before has the long-lined Bruckner adagio seemed so soothing, the fantastic scherzo so light and perky, the proclamatory rhetoric of the finale so compelling. Perhaps I am at last succumbing to the spell of Bruckner, perhaps Klemperer's reading has some extraordinarily persuasive quality. I can only report that I have played this recording again and again, something I had never thought possible with a Bruckner symphony. The engineering is superb—well blended (strongly marked separation would have been inappropriate for this darkly burnished music) and properly reverberant.

—ROLAND GELATT

BOOKS

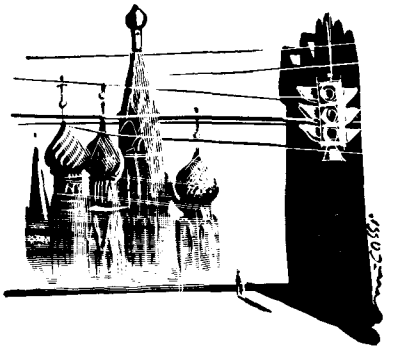
The Same Old Salisbury

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

A NEW RUSSIA?, by Harrison E. Salisbury. *Harper. $3.50.*

Harrison E. Salisbury's reputation as "one of the world's foremost, and objective, authorities on Soviet affairs" (to quote one of his publishers) has been going strong for nearly two decades. First as head of the United Press Moscow Bureau (1944-1946), and subsequently as the New York *Times's* principal representative in the Soviet capital, Salisbury has produced hundreds of dispatches, most of which he later transmuted into books (five to this day); he has also written a political novel, *The Northern Palmyra Affair;* received various awards, including, in 1955, the Pulitzer Prize; appeared regularly on television; and been chosen, apparently, as the *Times's* leading reviewer of books on Russia.

Yet what are Mr. Salisbury's real accomplishments, and how justifiable is his reputation? A perusal of his output since 1946 leaves me puzzled. Mr. Salisbury is undoubtedly an honest man. He reports what he sees and what he believes to be true. He is genuinely aroused by misdeeds, vulgarity, and moral and physical iniquities. Furthermore, his writing is frequently colorful and precise. Unlike the average Moscow reporter, he has a knowledge of Russian history and literature, of the country's customs and traditions. Above all, he has an overwhelming sympathy for the Russian people, a sympathy that at times assumes the proportions of a one-sided love affair.



It is perhaps this unrequited passion that is also responsible for what seem to me his most embarrassing faults: wishful thinking and a penchant for political oversimplification.

CONSIDER, for instance, his first book, *Russia on the Way,* published in 1946 by Macmillan. To be sure, 1946 is not 1962, and we know much more about the Soviet Union now than we knew then, but how much political sophistication did it require in 1946 to know that Stalin was a bloody tyrant and that the Soviet Union was a brutal dictatorship? Yet here is how Mr. Salisbury viewed Stalin: ". . . not the kind of an executive you cannnot speak up to . . . His manner with inferiors is fatherly and benevolent." Though rather "old-fashioned" in his aesthetic tastes, "he spends much time poking into art and literature," and "in one field, certainly, Stalin's influence . . . has been healthy. This is in the field of architecture." As for the bloody purge of the middle 1930's, "Stalin himself denounced its excesses." In fact, he "indicated a feeling that the intelligentsia was unfairly treated in the 'purge' " (which, Mr. Salisbury assured his readers, "had a hard core of fact").

Mr. Salisbury's political innocence was perhaps best exemplified in the following memorable passage:

"Most people think of the NKVD as a sinister secret police which carts off Russians in the dead of night and sends them packing to Siberia. Well, there is something in that impression, of course. The NKVD does things like that, occasionally . . ."

Occasionally! This after the holocaust of the 1930's, which saw the decimation of almost the entire political, military, diplomatic, and intellectual elite of the Soviet Union, after the deportation of several ethnic groups *en bloc* because some of their members had collaborated with the Germans—this about a police

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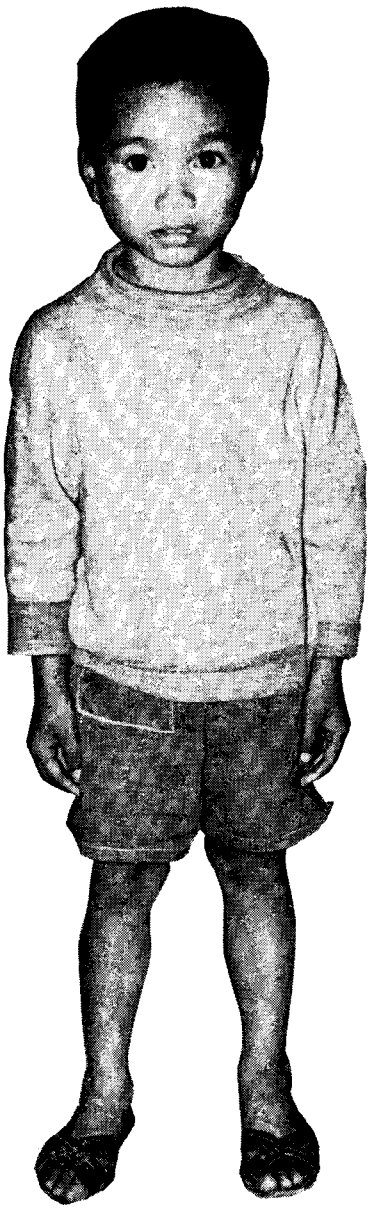
whose brutality and awesome efficiency could only be compared with that of the Gestapo!

Fifteen years later, Mr. Salisbury was no longer so naïve. His sentimental sympathy for the late dictator had given way to revulsion, and his understanding of the role of the secret police in Stalin's day had deepened immeasurably—so much so that in his novel, *The Northern Palmyra Affair,* published last year, he succeeded in capturing, in a penetrating and poignant fashion, the atmosphere of terror that had permeated Russia in the late 1940's. Nevertheless, I am left with a nagging impression that fundamentally Mr. Salisbury's approach to the Soviet Union has not changed very much after all. In the 1940's, he was wont to believe that despite all the iniquities of the past, Russia was "on the way" toward some form of accommodation with the West in its external policy, and toward some form of democratization at home. The prime mover in this evolution, in Mr. Salisbury's belief, was Stalin. It was he, for instance, who—notwithstanding the opposition of his intransigently anti-western colleagues in the Politburo—succeeded in establishing a policy of collaboration with the allies. "I am sure," wrote Mr. Salisbury at that time, "that it must have taken much of Stalin's skill in argument and the prestige of leadership to hold his reluctant colleagues in line. But hold them he did, and Teheran was the result. Ideologically, the decision was profound. By it, the Soviet Union . . . embarked on the great experiment—not only for the war but for postwar—of co-operation and collaboration with her traditional enemies, the capitalist nations of the West." (*Russia on the Way,* page 250.)

How perspicacious Mr. Salisbury's predictions were was demonstrated shortly after Teheran by Stalin's policies in Eastern Europe, his break with Tito, the launching of the cold war on the international arena, and the violent xenophobic and "anti-cosmopolitan" campaign within the Soviet Union. But now Stalin is gone. The Soviet Union has indeed undergone immense changes. Mass terror as an instrument of policy has been virtually abandoned; a good deal of liberalization in almost all fields of Soviet life has undoubtedly taken



you can give him hope and life

Chu Kin Wah, Chinese in Hong Kong, age 7. One of six children. Parents refugees from communist China. Father vegetable hawker. Earns approximately $24.50 per month. Family lives in leaky shack on hillside. Measures 11′ x 12′. Only furniture 1 board bed, 1 small table, tin box for clothes and few stools. Children undernourished, sad. Parents cannot afford school fees. They look with despair on children whom they cannot support. Help to Kin Wah means help to entire family. Aid urgent.

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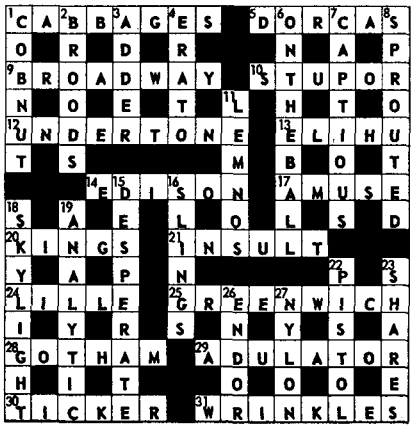

place; and Stalin and Stalinism have been denounced vitriolically by the present leaders of Russia themselves. All of which—as could have been expected—has served to reinforce Mr. Salisbury's romantic optimism. For if things did not look so gloomy under Stalin, surely they look much rosier now!

IT SHOULD be made clear that this reviewer holds no brief for the notion that Russia remains the same, that nothing of significance has happened since Stalin's death. No doubt there is much more basis for a hopeful appraisal of the future of Soviet totalitarianism now than there was sixteen years ago. Yet while other observers, with a greater sense of history, are apt to be more cautious—if only by calling our attention to the persistent features of Soviet totalitarianism, such as the absence of any sign of political pluralism—Mr. Salisbury remains affirmatively optimistic, full of good will, deeply convinced that the forces of evil in Soviet society (which he does not overlook) will in the end be overcome. And by whom? Why, by no other than the First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and Premier of the Government of the USSR, Nikita Sergeyevitch Khrushchev.

Mr. Salisbury's sympathetic attitude toward Khrushchev is not of recent origin, suffusing, as it does, all the books that he has written since the latter's advent to power. One is not surprised, therefore, to find in his most recent book, *A New Russia?*, that the fierce anti-religious campaign carried on in the Soviet Union is of no concern to Khrushchev, who, according to the author, has not "the slightest worry whether the Russian people went to church or not, and [who] on at least one occasion . . . personally intervened to warn some of his more aggressive associates [always those aggressive colleagues and associates!] against invoking force and invective against the church and its members." Similarly, it would seem as if the obscene campaign against Pasternak was also instigated without the explicit approval of the First Secretary. The basic purpose of the campaign, according to Mr. Salisbury, was to intimate that the entire Soviet intelligentsia was tainted with treason during the 1956 Hungarian and Polish crisis and to rouse the Russian masses against it. But Khrushchev would have none of it, and as soon as he realized that the attack against the author of *Doctor Zhivago* was aimed at the intelligentsia at large, "all of the leading participants [of the campaign] were reprimanded, demoted or chastised in some way." A novel piece of information, this, considering that the funeral of the poet, which took place long after the cessation of the campaign, was all but ignored by the Soviet press, that to this day there has been no real rehabilitation of the poet, and that Vladimir Semichastny, who had distinguished himself by openly calling Pasternak a pig, was recently promoted from his position as head of the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) to that of head of the Committee on State Security (and thus in charge of the MGB). Where Mr. Salisbury obtained his information, and indeed how he has reached the conclusion that so world-shocking an event could have gone on without the full consent of the supreme leader of the Soviet state, remains unexplained.

It remains—and will remain—unexplained, because this particular conclusion, as well as a host of others in the book, is based on an assumption to which Mr. Salisbury subscribes but which he cannot prove—namely, that Khrushchev represents a liberal group within the ruling elite that is continuously hampered in its actions by sundry quasi-Stalinist forces.

Soviet society since the death of Stalin has become vastly more complex, and the decision-making processes are no longer as relatively simple as they were in the days of the late dictator. Obviously, Khrushchev is not Stalin, and obviously, too, he is frequently forced to argue over certain policies and perhaps even to yield on certain matters. Yet we have seen over the years that there has not been a single important decision in which Khrushchev had not taken an active part, usually by way of outlining new policies in long speeches to party gatherings. For a man who ostensibly has been harassed by oppositionist elements, he has done remarkably well these past few years—succeeding in elim-

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inating the majority of the members of the Presidium, purging old associates, broadly chastising those who had earned his disapproval for one reason or another, acting boisterously and with supreme confidence in Bulgaria as well as in Russia, from the podium of the Supreme Soviet or that of the United Nations. Mr. Salisbury would have us believe otherwise, but where is his evidence?

A New Russia? is drawn largely from a series of articles that Mr. Salisbury published in the New York *Times* earlier this year. It contains his observations of Soviet youth, of the intellectuals, of an extremely interesting trip to Outer Mongolia (where he found the Chinese influence waning, and the Soviet growing). It also deals with Sino-Soviet tensions, a favorite topic of the author in recent years, and it speculates, as the title implies, on what may lie ahead. It typifies some of the most attractive aspects of Mr. Salisbury's writing. Some of his descriptions are warm and lively; he is genuinely distressed about the rise of official anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union; he is full of contempt for "Stalinist bully-boys" and full of admiration for those who stand up to them.

YET OVER IT all hovers a certain political naïveté, a tendency to oversimplify, to mitigate the severity of one critical remark with another, more favorable remark. Mr. Salisbury plainly has an ax to grind. He wants to convince his readers that if the trend toward liberalization in Russia is to gain momentum, it will be thanks to the efforts of Khrushchev and the particular (though unidentified) group he represents, and that "the longed-for hope for detente of Russia and the West could be achieved." If the West, that is, backs up Khrushchev against his enemies both at home and abroad.

It is this passionate conviction that leads the author to describe Khrushchev, who in 1957 warned Russian writers not to go "too far" in their demands or his hands "would not tremble" in dealing with them as the Hungarian rebel-authors had been dealt with the previous autumn, as some kind of a patron of the arts. It is this that leads him to portray the Sino-Soviet conflict as one between a power insanely bent on world domination, whatever the price, and one that seeks no more than peace and tranquillity. It is this that makes him oversimplify the struggle between the more liberal and reactionary elements in Soviet society. That a struggle of some sort goes on is fairly obvious—certainly in literature we have seen in recent years writers who have openly called for more freedom and fewer "official lies" and those who openly hanker for some kind of a return to the good old days. Yet why assume, for instance, that the recent increase in judicial severity in the Soviet Union —a severity that expresses itself in the imposition of the death penalty for such "economic" crimes as embezzlement, bribery, or counterfeiting, and which has already resulted in hundreds of executions within the past year—is the work of "neo-Stalinists" and not of Khrushchev? Was Khrushchev squeamish as Stalin's representative in the Ukraine during the purges in the late 1930's? Or, for that matter, where does Mr. Salisbury get his information that the recent growth of such extralegal bodies as the "comrades' courts" or the "people's brigades"—both of which, as he correctly observes, are practicing "mob rule and lynch law"—are contrary to the basic post-Stalin trends in Soviet legality? Indeed, the very opposite is true: the growth of these bodies is fully consonant with the general ideological precepts of the post-Stalin leadership, precepts that have now been officially sanctioned in the new program of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

A New Russia? has already been acclaimed by American reviewers as "brilliant," "penetrating," "profound," and "revealing." It is nothing of the sort. As a piece of reportage it has considerable merits: few reporters, after all, have had as much experience in Russia as has Salisbury, few can speak the language, few can describe the human landscape with as much familiarity and vividness. But Salisbury wishes to be more than a reporter. He wants us to take him seriously as a political analyst—indeed, almost as a political prophet. But this is asking too much. A bit of modesty would be more in order.

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Notes on Recent Art Books

HILTON KRAMER

OF DIVERS ARTS, by Naum Gabo. Bollingen Series XXXV: 8. *Pantheon. $7.50.*

Naum Gabo was one of the leaders of the Constructivist movement that flourished in Russia in the period just immediately preceding and following the Revolution. The aim of Constructivism was the creation of an art that would render in convincing visual form the new concepts of space and matter that modern science was making available to the imagination of plastic artists. Adapting the devices of Cubist collage, in which bits of paper, cloth, and wood were applied to a painting's surface in an actual or simulated low relief, the Constructivists specialized in a mode of sculpture that was neither carved nor modeled but *constructed* with an almost architectural concern for the open spaces that formed an integral part of their design. Their earliest works were portraits, very much in the Cubist vein. Since it was not the personalities of their subjects that concerned them, but rather the interplay of masses and voids constructed in such a way as to suggest the interpenetration of matter and energy, they soon abandoned figurative themes for abstract conceptions more in keeping with their metaphysical interests. They pioneered in the use of direct-metal sculptural techniques, and were among the first to adopt synthetic materials—plastics and later plexiglass—in order to avoid the psychological and humanistic associations that still adhered to more traditional media and thus achieve a more immediate conjunction of form and substance. Above all, they used space itself as a new sculptural medium. As Gabo writes in this new book, for the Constructivist sculptor "space . . . is a material by itself, a structural part of the object—so much so that it has the faculty of conveying a volume as does any other rigid material." It was this concept of space as a plastic material that had a decisive influence on modern sculpture.

In the first years of the Soviet régime, the Constructivists were welcomed for their radical ideas and were given official posts as teachers and administrators. By the mid-1920's, however, the party line had changed, all forms of modernism were being stamped out, and the Constructivists either fled abroad or adapted themselves to the official ideology. Gabo settled in England until the end of the Second World War, then in the United States, where he lives today as one of the grand old men of the modern movement.

Of Divers Arts consists of the A. W. Mellon Lectures that Gabo delivered at the National Gallery in Washington in 1959. It dwells for the most part on the state of mind and the attitude toward experience that Gabo has consistently upheld in his art—an attitude in which the affinities of physical science and modern art were constantly invoked without ever (at least to this reader) being satisfactorily related. But whereas the exponents of Constructivist art used to invoke science as a justification for their artistic innovations, Gabo is now concerned to establish the differences between the methods and aims of science and those of artists like himself who have nonetheless been guided by scientific developments. The result is a curious emphasis on subjectivity and individual consciousness that seems somewhat at odds with the rationalist orientation of the whole Constructivist aesthetic. While remaining a loyal and optimistic spokesman for scientific enlightenment, Gabo, who was himself educated in science and technology in Russia and Germany, is now at some pains to defend art as an autonomous mode of knowledge.

Of Divers Arts is, in any case, a clearly written credo by one of the principal sculptors of our century. The book is lavishly produced but is preposterously overpriced for the brevity of the text.

GATEWAY TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: ART AND CULTURE IN A CHANGING WORLD, by Jean Cassou, Nikolaus Pevsner, and Emil Langui. *McGraw-Hill. $25.*

The enormous, wide-ranging exhibition called "The Sources of the Twentieth Century: The Arts in Europe from 1884 to 1914," organized by the Council of Europe and installed at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris in the winter of 1960-1961, was a notable event. It brought together in a single exposition not only the principal painters and sculptors of the period but also the most seminal architects, designers, and decorative artists. The *fin de siècle* was perhaps the last period in which practitioners of the fine arts still lived in the same climate, more or less, as serious decorative artists, and the exhibition did much to clarify this community of thought and feeling among a wide array of aesthetes, craftsmen, artists, and builders. Moreover, it was genuinely supranational in scope, drawing upon museums and collections, objects and buildings from Glasgow to Vienna, with an ease and freedom of reference rarely seen in European exhibitions—and almost never in France. Some of the major painters of Central Europe were shown in Paris for the first time since the 1920's, and some of the achievements of English, Belgian, and Austrian design must have come as a revelation to a Parisian public that has always been ill-informed about aesthetic developments that do not take place on its own doorstep.

The present volume is a kind of giant souvenir of the exhibition. Pictorially it is extremely rich. There are a generous number of elegant, tipped-in color plates and a virtual encyclopedia of well-printed black-and-white reproductions that take us into practically ever corner of European visual culture in the thirty or forty years preceding the First World War. Still, it is difficult to say exactly for whom the book is intended. Of the three separate texts, only Dr. Pevsner's on "Architecture and Applied Arts," with its effortless mingling of scholarly detail and historical generalization, strikes one as entirely equal to the grandeur of the presentation. His discussion of Art Nouveau is particularly useful for the precise way it defines that style as a transition from the historical revivals of the nineteenth century to the various modernist developments of the twentieth. The Messrs. Cassou and Langui, writing respectively on "The Climate of Thought" and "The Visual Arts," add little to the value of the book as a whole. Yet one would be hard

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pressed to cite another volume which brings together so rich a survey of the visual materials that are truly a major source of contemporary ideas. Libraries will want the book, and even amateurs of the fine and decorative arts might find it worth the investment.

FORM AND SPACE: SCULPTURE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Eduard Trier. Translated from the German by C. Ligota. *Praeger. $15.*

Precisely why it should be so difficult to write a good book on modern sculpture remains a mystery. The subject is an interesting and a large one; its history is filled with complex personalities and radical ideas; and the cultivated public is more interested in it than ever before. Yet the standard works on the subject, by Mme. Giedion-Welcker and the Messrs. Seuphor, Ritchie, and others, do not really do justice to the immense achievement of European and American sculptors over the last sixty years or so. The reason, of course, is that the kind of mind that is interested enough to take up the subject in the first place is *too* interested in some things to pay more than glancing attention to everything else. We are thus forced to choose between bland and often unreadable attempts to encompass a large and variegated field of inquiry or specialized studies that seem to preclude even a superficial recognition of other and quite different modes of achievement.

Eduard Trier's text for this very well-printed survey of twentieth-century sculpture seems to commit all the sins of the bland and unreadable résumé without providing enough of the principal ingredient one has a right to expect from such a book: a rich collection of facts. The usefulness of *Form and Space* is thus confined almost entirely to its plates, which do bring us, in addition to most of the standard works, some glimpses of new European sculpture not readily seen here, and to the biographical index.

Sculptors of every school emerge in this book as identical personalities, all more or less resembling Herr Trier's and all deprived of their individual aims, experience, and vision. It is the formal ideas they hold in common, and which can therefore be used to elucidate a trend, that absorb him to the exclusion of everything else. One looks in vain here for an account of those idiosyncrasies of taste and philosophy, the audacious departures from received practice and wild attempts at untried ideas, that make the history of twentieth-century sculpture such an exhilarating spectacle. The true story is clearly evident in the illustrations, but Herr Trier has not caught a moment of its real drama and significance.

CEZANNE, by Henri Perruchot. Translated from the French by Humphrey Hare. *World. $6.*

Writers of popular biography have not found in the life of Paul Cézanne a promising subject. He had some troubles with his father, who was a narrow-minded provincial banker, but he was nonetheless the beneficiary of a decent allowance until he

came into a substantial inheritance. Poverty, therefore, cannot be invoked as a governing theme. He carried on an illicit liaison and even became a father before his marriage, but he was anything but a bohemian Don Juan. His irregular domestic status was caused chiefly by a desire to placate his father's stern concept of frugal living and the necessity of keeping his domestic life a secret lest it be interpreted as an extravagant indulgence. Thus, the theme of sexual license, which often constitutes the main substance of the popular biographer's art, cannot be employed here without serious distortion. Cézanne was surely a man of profound passions, but the biographer who approaches his life without a very keen interest in the vicissitudes of his painting cuts himself off from the one experience that engaged his passion fully—the single and overwhelming concern that absorbed his whole capacity for thought and feeling. More than any other artist of comparable greatness, Cézanne lived by and for his art. His truest biography consists of his magnificent and copious *œuvre;* the great events of his life took place in his studio or as he stood in the open air facing the mountain of Sainte-Victoire with brush in hand. Almost everything else, no matter how well documented or attested to by witnesses, is a "fiction" that distracts from the single abiding impulse that governed his consciousness as a man.

M. Perruchot's *Cézanne* is the second volume in his biographical series called "Art and Destiny," of which his book on Toulouse-Lautrec was the first. It will be followed by a volume on Manet. It tells us a good deal about the kind of interest that readers (and publishers) take in celebrated artist figures to see this series produced by a writer who seems not to have even a superficial grasp of the artistic considerations that dominated the lives of his subjects. M. Perruchot is not an ignorant man, and he does not commit any gross errors. He has a decent respect for his material, and he does not press for sensational revelations where the facts do not warrant. (He was luckier in this respect with Toulouse-Lautrec than he is with Cézanne, of course.) He has a good sense of narrative. But Cézanne as an artist, which he was to the exclusion of everything else, scarcely exists in this book. M. Perruchot has had to rely heavily on Cézanne's boyhood friendship with Emile Zola and on the differences of taste and conviction that ultimately separated the painter from his friend and early champion. Zola did live a life that lends itself to colorful reconstruction, and M. Perruchot dwells on it wherever he can. But this is a story that has already been better told in John Rewald's scholarly biography of Cézanne and in his *History of Impressionism.* M. Perruchot is in the difficult position of relying a good deal on Zola's novel *L'Oeuvre* for his conception of Cézanne's life while having to reverse the novel's unfavorable estimate of Cézanne as a painter. The result is a brittle and unconvincing image.

The book does have one extraordinary feature that makes it valuable to aficionados of Cézanne's art. As he did in his book on Lautrec, M. Perruchot here produces an amazing series of photographs of the artist at every stage of his career. They are indeed memorable, and in themselves constitute a severe criticism of the shadowy figure presented in the text.

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A Man of Parts

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

MEMOIRS OF A SPECIAL CASE, by Chaim Raphael. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

Oxford, a lectureship in Hebrew, a distinguished career as a British public servant — Foreign Office and Treasury—pastime authorship under the pen name Jocelyn Davey of a series of witty thrillers, travel, including a long stay in New York with the British Information Service, the Reform Club—these advantages and achievements may have helped to provide Chaim Raphael's talent with a sort of aristocratic grace, serenity, and humor. His brief essays in autobiography are a delight. Soon, however, one discovers with some amazement that these pleasantly nostalgic memoirs of childhood and school years, of intellectual pursuits, and of varied adventures in Spain, in what was still Palestine, in England and America, deal essentially with nothing less than all the majesty, anguish, and tenderness of the Jewish inheritance.

On the part of non-Jews it has become fashionable, as a demonstration of benevolence, to speak about the glories of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Inclusion in this binomial is supposed to make Jews happy and perhaps they would be if more of those who bandy the term about had some clear notion of its elements. But neither to Jew nor Christian is such knowledge a birthright: what Mr. Raphael calls "the brooding silence of the centuries" remains awesome but mute, transmitting nothing until the intellect questions the texts of dogma and history.

ONE can start early. As a child in the north of England, Mr. Raphael learned from his father, the cantor in the synagogue, how to chant from the scroll: "Going through the whole Pentateuch once a year, starting in September, I associated the stories in each weekly portion with its own special season—the bare trees and cold emptiness of a northern autumn for the story of the Creation, the bursting spring as we fled from Egypt and crossed the Red Sea, the high summer—with thunder in the air—as Moses let fly with the terrifying curses of Deuteronomy." It was this he remembered when years later he heard the Law read in a dark low room in Tangiers. "The words of the Law had fallen happily, comfortingly, on my ears. But the chant was different here. Behind the ancient sound, I was listening for cheerful Tyneside voices and the gulls' raucous cry on a cold seashore." He realized then that just as his father had been a Russian Jew, he was an English Jew. That was very important to him; there were the intermediate loyalties as well as the ineradicable loyalty to distant origins. When the Spanish expelled the Jews in 1492 some "found homes in Salonika and Yugoslavia and other lands of the Eastern Mediterranean. There they went on speaking the Spanish of the fifteenth century, singing Spanish folk songs, and remembering the old country." The Jews were above nationality only in their faith, only as scholars. "As a Palestinian professor—my erstwhile compatriot—said, 'The real International, you know. The scholars go on working whatever happens around them. The Arabs rescued Greek philosophy. The Jews picked it up in Arabic, translated it into Hebrew, and passed it on into Latin for the Scholastics. And it goes on, you know. After all, we've learned something in England, and we're passing it on again in Hebrew in Palestine. We're a strange people, aren't we?' "

One quality of this strange people, according to Mr. Raphael, one extraordinary innovation, was that they made of their place of prayer, the synagogue, a place in which to celebrate man as a reasoning being: ". . . truth only existed when one pursued it; and in pursuit of the truth they took off in the Talmud and Midrash on a great splurge of exegesis, history, law, science, anecdote and common sense — a burst of reason and argument that was boundless. . . . Maybe they had overdone it a bit over the ages, but on the whole the aim, in human terms, was a noble one . . ." They wrestled with the angel, they harassed Moses, they questioned God. That this is no more than a "noble" aim is British understatement, for it is thus that man shows his divine discontent, his

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endless rebellion against whatever system would attempt to set limits to his aspiring.

But this is a book about people and places, a book of stories. It is ridiculous to be presenting it as if it were a treatise on Jewish history and spiritual life. There is the beautiful and enigmatic Yael, who dies fighting to win freedom from the rule of Mr. Raphael's compatriots; there is Rabbi Taub, the author's Hebrew teacher who is eloquent only in Yiddish, "as a Jew from Russia, his heart full of the anguish of his people," when he preaches on the Day of Atonement at the hour of dusk telling how, in a murderous past, rabbis "wrapped in the sacred scroll and thrown into the flames perished with the *Shema* triumphant on their lips and with the holy letters of the scroll flying miraculously out of the fire. *'Otiot porchot!'* he cried, bursting into Hebrew, the tears streaming down his cheeks,—'the letters flew out!'"

There is Jonas, who derided the wisdom of Solomon and who refuses to be buried in holy ground. There is Mr. Shapiro in Palestine, who wants to export holy water from the Jordan to England, and his brother Don José de Shapiro in Cordova. There is the English parson schoolmaster who takes young Raphael to Florence: "Nothing since in my whole life has given me, or ever could give me, such a sense of ecstatic and bounding wonder." And in Florence too there is the Polish girl Malcah on her way to Palestine, regretting Poland, regretting Vienna: "The Europe she loved had rejected her . . ." In London, there is Heather; in New York, Pat. The author is pleasantly nostalgic about the girls he did not marry.

In the British *Who's Who*, which likes to list "Recreations," Mr. Raphael gives "America" as his. Mr. Raphael quotes Isaiah on our ladies of the Madison Avenue lunch hour: "For the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet." But he adds: "Where can one enjoy the thought of England as much as in New York?"

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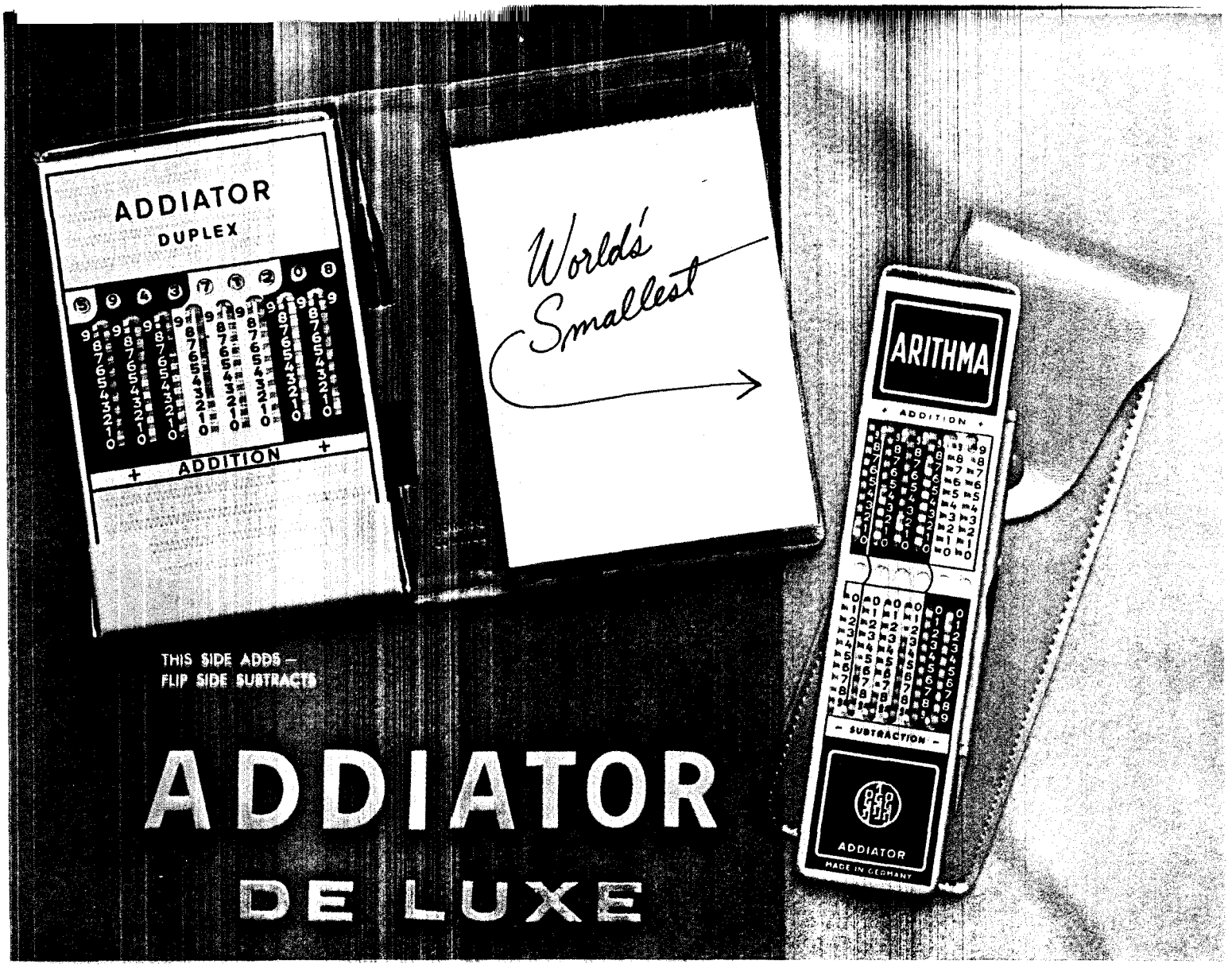

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